

1½d.

# Daily Mirror

ALL THE NEWS BY  
TELEGRAPH,  
PHOTOGRAPH, AND  
PARAGRAPH.

No. 183.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## PORT ARTHUR'S LAST HOPE—POSITION AT A GLANCE.



Russia is making a desperate effort to relieve Port Arthur. General Kuropatkin is hurrying south to attack the Japanese forces. General Oku is in command of the Japanese army which has already successfully driven the Russians from Kinchau and Nanchan, and established a line across the peninsula which completely cuts off Port Arthur. General Kuroki is in command of the Japanese army which is threatening General Kuropatkin at Liao-yang. General Stoessel is in command of Port Arthur.



## BIRTHS.

**CONSTANTINE**—On June 2, at 138, Brookside, Upper Clapton, N.E., the wife of Herbert N. Constantine, of a daughter.

**FORDEN**—On May 31, at 41, Rodenhurst-road, Clapham, the wife of Charles Poulton Forden, of a daughter.

**WILLMOTT**—On June 3, at "Beachside," Ashford, near Staines, the wife of John Alfred Willmott, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

**ANDERSON-FLETCHER**—On the 2nd inst., at St. George's, Manchester, W., by the Rev. W. W. W. Fletcher, the Rev. A. Robert Hamilton, Mr. F. W. Anderson, son of the late Colonel A. Anderson, to Phyllis Evelyn Carr, only child of William Morris Fletcher, of Burley Rescon, New Forest.

**ARMITAGE-THOMSON**—On June 2, at St. George's, Manchester, by the Rev. David Anderson, M.A., the Rev. S. H. Adamson, M.D., of Florence, widow of the late H. Sinclair Thomson, of Buxton, India, youngest daughter of the late Robert Thomson, Master of the Trinity House, Leith, N.B., and granddaughter of the late Captain William Thomson, R.N., of Dunfermline, N.B.

## DEATHS.

**BAINES**—On May 31, at 111, Meadway-avenue, West Ham, the late Henry Baines, of White Noddy, Essex, eldest son of Robert and the late Elizabeth Baines, and late General Manager of the Bays and Cabage Railway.

**CLARKE**—On June 1, at 54, Cromwell-road, Emily Coultance, wife of Benjamin-General Rye Clarke, and daughter of the late William James Clarke, of Donnybrook, Co. Dublin, Funeral to-day, June 4, at 12 noon, at St. Paul's, Gloucester-road, and afterwards at Brompton Cemetery.

**CRISDIE**—On May 31, at 125, Marina, St. Leonards, Anna Ellen, widow of John S. Crisdie, late of Midway-grove, London. Friends please accept this, the only intimation.

## PERSONAL.

AS you know where I am, you may write.

**FIELD**, W.—Everything settled. Apply Albert pension papers.

**COLLARS**—Do expose June. Not alone July. You darling.

**COFFEY**.

**LILL**—We and sisters are very anxious. Write to CROUCH HILL.

**THOUGHT** you were waiting for me last Sunday week, but mind have been mislaid. THURSDAY 15th.

**ANNUAL REGISTER**—Wanted, volumes of the "Annual Register," State date and price—Box 1361. "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

**LOST**, purse, gold mounts, Tuesday last, in omnibus between Highbury and Orchard-street. Finder well rewarded.—25, Lower Grosvenor-st., W.

**LOST**, Friday evening, May 27, small gold bracelet. Steel set attached. 100 reward.—2, Lower Grosvenor-st., W.

**LOST** at Costume Hall, Albert Hall, May 31, White Lace Scarf. Reward, 7, The Terrace, S.W.

\* \* \* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 2 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for the first line, and per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements, Personal Notices, and other words for 4s. and 6d. per word after. Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

## SHIPPING, TOURS, Etc.

**NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND RUSSIA.**

**WILSON LINE**, First-class ROYAL MAIL and PASSENGER STEAMERS.

Saloons and Sleeping Accommodation unparalleled.

**SPECIAL HOLIDAY TOURS FROM LONDON AND HULL**, 10 days.

Apply to **THOS. WILSON, SONS, & CO. Ltd.**, Hull; or **WILSON & CO.**, 21, Pall Mall; Cook's, Laidlaw & Co., or Bell and Co., East India-st., London.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.** TO-DAY at 3 and 9.

**LADY FLIRT.**

Preceded at 2.30 and 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOD.

**MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.**

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** Mr. TREE.

TO-DAY at 2.15 and TO-NIGHT at 8.15.

THE LAST OF THE DANDIES.

Followed by THE MAN WHO WAS.

**LAST MATINEE TO-DAY (Saturday) at 2.15.**

**MONDAY NEXT, for 5 Nights and 2 Matinees.**

**THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.**

Mr. TREE and Miss ELLEN TERRY.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE.** Mr. LEWIS WALLER.

TO-DAY at 3 and EVERY EVENING at 8.

**MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS at 3.**

**MRS. ELIZABETH PRISONER.**

Preceded at 2.15 by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

**SHAFTESBURY.**

TO-DAY at 2.15 and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

Mr. Henry M. Savage's American Co. in THE PRINCE OF PICKWICK.

**MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY at 1.**

**SATURDAY at 10.10.**

Box Office 10 to 10.

**ST. JAMES'S.** Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Will appear TO-DAY at 5 and 9, in "SATURDAY TO MONDAY" (6th and 9th times).

By Frederick Penn and Richard Price.

At 4.30 and 8.30. OF 6. 42, Victoria.

By Frederick Penn and Richard Price.

**MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.**

**THE OXFORD GRAND VARIETY CO.**

CLARK and HAMILTON, Tom Leaman, Manager.

**WASH, ERNEST SHAND, Boyd and Giffin, VESTA VICTORIA, Noddy, and other Originals.**

**MAN, Geo. Brooks, LAURIE'S JUVENILES, ARTHUR RIGBY and CO. in A Crystal Palace Bank Holiday.**

Open 7.30. Box Office open to 10. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.15. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

Admission 1s. Season Tickets, 10s. 6d.

**ITALIAN EXHIBITION. EARL'S COURT.**

From 12 noon till 11.30 p.m.

**ITALIAN COMMERCIAL EXHIBITS.**

**FINE ART SECTION.**

**INDUSTRIAL WORKING EXHIBITS.**

**ITALIAN VILLAGES.**

**GRAND MILITARY AND OTHER CONCERNS DAILY.**

Band of the Grenadier Guards.

End of the London Rifle Brigade, etc.

In the EMPEROR'S HALL, the Gigantic Representation of VENICE BY NIGHT.

Open all day, admission 6d., after 7 p.m. 1s.

Canals, Bridges, Shops, Cafes, Public Buildings, Gondolas and all the Exhibits Features of the Queen City of the Adriatic.

**VENETIAN SERENADE TROUPE.**

**MASAMPO NEAPOLITAN TROUPE.**

A Continuous Fest of Music, Beauty, and Movement.

**SIE HIRAH, SAKIM'S CAPTIVE FLYING MACHINES.**

**THE NOVELTY OF THE BLUE GIRL OF CAPEL ST. PETER'S, ROME.**

**LA SCALA OF LONDON.**

At 5 p.m. 7 and 9.30 p.m.

**THE DUC D'ARRAS NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.**

Roman Roman, Electric Batteries, Fairy Fontaine Venusian, Music Organ, and a thousand other attractions.

**ITALIAN RESTAURANT.**

## "SALVATOR."

Representing Christ protecting the woman taken in adultery.

By HERMAN SALOMAN, painter of the Mysterious picture "Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery."

**HANOVER GALLERY, 47, New Bond-street, W.** Daily 10 to 6.

## TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Brilliantly fine generally; occasionally misty at the coast stations; warmer.

Lighting-up time: 9.9; Sunday: 9.9 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth generally; misty in places.

## THE WAR.

News of fighting is reported in several places at the seat of war, and a battle is said to be proceeding near Port Arthur. A Russian force operating near Pulantien (Port Adams) was driven north by the Japanese after a two hours' fight, and it has transpired that a Russian column 30,000 strong was preparing to relieve Port Arthur after the capture of Kinchoo, but it was decided to abandon the advance. (Page 3.)

The Tar convened a council of war to settle the disputes between General Kuropatkin and Admiral Alexieff, and as the result, the General has been advised to try and deliver Port Arthur, providing he acts with the utmost caution. (Page 3.)

## GENERAL.

The Penal Servitude Bill, the object of which is to make better provision for dealing with the habitual criminal, was read a second time in the House of Commons. (Page 4.)

Exciting scenes were witnessed at a fire which occurred in Brundish-street, City. The escape of one inmate, a woman, being cut off, she threw her child from the second floor window, and then jumped. The two were pluckily caught by men below, neither being much hurt. (Page 5.)

No definite settlement has been come to in the London cab dispute. The men claim to be winning, and the masters assert their terms are being assented to. (Page 4.)

We publish an interview with the Rev. A. G. Brown, the West Norwood Baptist minister, stating his reasons for the criticism which he has passed on the visit of the Rev. R. J. Campbell to the Pope. (Page 4.)

Giving evidence before the Traffic Commission yesterday Mr. J. C. Robinson, the manager of the London United Tramways Company, contended that the extensions of local authorities threatened private enterprises, and that in the end the public suffered. (Page 4.)

There will be a meet of lady motorists—the first of its kind—next Thursday at Carlton House-terrace, to be followed by a drive in procession through Hyde Park. (Page 6.)

Prospects of a good fruit crop in Kent have been very seriously affected by blight and the adverse winds, cherries and apples in particular. (Page 6.)

At an auction sale yesterday an oviform Hawthorn pattern jar and cover—the only one of its kind—was sold for 1,250 guineas. (Page 4.)

Opening chapters of a thrilling new serial story, entitled "The Premier's Daughter," will be found in this issue. (Pages 10 and 11.)

## LAW AND CRIME.

Frank Rodgers, the fifteen-year-old boy who shot his mother dead at The Gables, Melbourn, was yesterday found insane and ordered to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure. The jury arrived at this decision after hearing a number of expert medical witnesses. (Page 5.)

In the High Court the hearing was resumed of the claim for negligence during an operation brought against Dr. Mary Thorne by a housekeeper. The defendant, who was examined, denied the allegation. Several expert medical men were called on her behalf. (Page 5.)

A young farmer named Mellor has been charged at Bawell, North Derbyshire, with killing four cats belonging to a neighbour. The case presents some remarkable features, it being alleged that accused shot the animals dead out of revenge. (Page 3.)

## SPORT.

Lovely weather favoured the concluding day at Epsom. Pretty Polly, starting at 100 to 8 on, easily won the race for the Oaks from Bitters, her victory being immensely popular. (Page 14.)

Bowlers carried all before them in the Yorkshire and Middlesex match at Lord's, and an exceedingly close finish is possible. Lancashire inflicted a defeat upon Surrey at Manchester by an innings and 113 runs. (Page 13.)

Mr. Walter Travis, the American champion, yesterday beat Mr. E. Blackwell, of the Royal and Ancient Club, in the final tie of the Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich by 4 up and 3 to play. (Pages 4, 9, and 15.)

## FINANCE.

Business on 'Change was not nearly so brisk. Consols and all other gilt-edged securities with one or two exceptions were lower. Idleness was again a feature of the American Railway market. Among Foreign bonds Japanese were higher. A slight recovery in Doys and some demand for Water shares were the only features of the Miscellaneous section. (Page 6.)

## BATH CHAIRS AND BABY CARRIAGES.



Supplied on Easy Terms from 6/- per Month. Enjoying the use of same while it is being paid. Desigues Post Free.

W. J. HARRIS & Co., LIMITED.

51, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, and Branches.

## A GOOD CYCLE

at a FAIR price is cheaper than a poor cycle at ANY price. Buy a cycle with a reputation and AVOID RISKS.



Centaur's, Swifts, Coventry Challenge, Humber, Rover, Premiers, Singers, Triumphs, &c.

A High-Grade Constant Cycle on Approval. Two Years' Guarantee. WRITE FOR LISTS. EASY PAYMENTS from 8/- MONTHLY. EDWARD O'BRIEN (Ltd.), Dept. D6. The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, OVENTY.

## THE CHARGING CROSS BARS

Est. 1870. 1112, 1120, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 1. 28, Bedford-st., Charing Cross, W.C. 1. London. 2597, 700, Lambeth, S.E. 20. Surplus, £312,110. 2s. per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Termination Deposit Bonds pay nearly nine per cent. and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus. A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

## HAWKSLEY'S AIDS for the DEAF

May be seen and tested WITHOUT CHARGE. Or a profusely illustrated Catalogue of 84 pages will be forwarded post free for 6 stamps.

Sole Address: T. HAWKSLEY, 357, OXFORD ST., W.

## EMANUEL &amp; Co.'s UNIVERSAL PARCEL.

53 Pieces Cutlery 3/- Secures them.

Notice our FREE GIFT.

6 TABLE KNIVES, 6 DESSETT KNIVES, 6 TABLE FORKS, 6 DESSETT FORKS, 6 DESSETT SPOONS, 2 TABLE SPOONS, 6 TEA SPOONS, 6 BUTTER KNIVES, 2 SPOONS, 2 MUSTARD SPOONS, 1 PAIR SUGAR TONGS, 1 MOIST SUGAR SPON, 1 BUTTER KNIFE, 1 JAM SPOON, 1 MASSIVE SILVER-MOUNTED BREAD KNIFE.

TERMS: Send 3/- and Parcel of 53 pieces sent you. Send 2/- on receipt. Pay balance in 5 Monthly Payments of 4/- or send 2/- Balance on receipt of 53 pieces, and as bonus for cash we will send you a pair Silver-mounted Carvers worth 5/-.

Deposited returned if not satisfactory.

EMANUEL & Co., 31, CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W., and at BIRMINGHAM & SHEFFIELD. Estab. 1850.

## HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

Auctions.

GREAT FREEHOLD LAND SALE.

MINSTER-ON-SEA, WEDNESDAY, June 10. 100 CHOICE selected PLOTS, commanding grand sea and inland views; close station and beach; particulars as below.

WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA, MONDAY, June 13. 125 VALUABLE PLOTS, Westcliff station; 6 minutes station and beach; electric train pass; thoroughly ripe; particulars as below.

TILBURY DOCKS, THURSDAY, June 16. 132 CAPITAL PLOTS; centre of town; surrounded by houses; great demand for more; specially easy terms of payment; particulars free. Apply THE LAND COMPANY, 68, Cheapside, E.C.

MALDON. TWO FREEHOLD SEMI-DETACHED VILLAS, Commanding Hotel Road and 110 Plots of Ripe Freehold Building Land. Outside Station.

MR. J. H. RETALLACK-MOLONEY has been instructed by MESSRS. PROFFER and MORRIS to OFFER the above for SALE on THURSDAY, 8th June, 1904, at Maldon.

For particulars, plans, conditions of sale, and tickets, apply to the Vendor, J. H. Retallack-Moloney, 17, Essex-st., Strand, W.C.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

MIDSUMMER DAY.—Let this be the day of the quarter-day on which you have rent to pay.—Apply at once by card or letter, mentioning this paper, for illustrated booklet, which fully explains—How to Let Rent Free, to Manager, 72, Bishopsgate-without, E.C.

TO LET, well-furnished house; six bedrooms; three reception, 1 bedroom; electric light; four guineas weekly.—19, Portland-pl., Brighton.

Flats to Let.

WIMBLEDON.—Maisonettes and Villas to Let or Sell on the company's easy purchase system: highly-finished, sound-built, with every modern improvement, electric light and drainage; sand and gravel sold; rents £2 2s. to £5 10s. per month; large ablutions; ground and buildings company's own motor buses to station in 4 mins.; hundreds of trains daily to London in 15 mins.—Particulars apply to Polytechnic Estate, Ltd., Merton Hall-road, Wimbledon.

Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

FOR SALE, a pretty, five-roomed Villa, with every convenience; price only £250. Apply to the Estate Office, Southfield, Bedford Park.

FIREHOLD House and Shop; lets 5 rooms and shop. 242, 4700, Bawthorpe, 187, King's-road, Camden Town.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 19.

IN  
TO-MORROW.

DANCING  
WHILE  
HYPNOTISED.

IN  
TO-MORROW.

First of all—All the News. The News up to late every Saturday Night in THE Sunday News-paper.

The

WEEKLY DISPATCH.

IN  
TO-MORROW.

MUSIC TO  
MARIE CORELLI'S  
"VOICE IN THE CATHEDRAL."

IN  
TO-MORROW.

IN  
TO-MORROW.

AMERICA  
READY  
FOR WAR.

IN  
TO-MORROW.

A Pretty Story.

OUR  
QUEEN'S  
CRADLE.

The

WEEKLY DISPATCH.

The "Weekly Dispatch" is the only Sunday Newspaper that can give ALL its readers ALL the Latest News.

IN  
TO-MORROW.

AMERICA  
READY  
FOR WAR.

IN  
TO-MORROW.



## RUSSIA'S FIX.

Kuropatkin Ordered to Relieve Port Arthur.

## ATTEMPT FAILS.

Relief Column of 30,000 Men Abandons the Advance.

Severe fighting is reported in several places, and a battle is believed to be proceeding near Port Arthur. Definite news as to the reported Russian advance from Liao-yang to relieve Port Arthur is unobtainable, but two reports suggest that a southward move has been made. One asserts that a Russian column of 30,000 men has had to abandon its attempt to deliver the besieged fortress, after the battle at Kinchow. The other report is that the Japanese defeated a Russian force on Monday, near Pulantien (Port Adams), and drove the Russians northward.

The Japanese are landing great numbers of troops at Takushan, in Korea Bay.

After a council of war, called by the Tsar to settle disputes between General Kuropatkin and Admiral Alexieff, the General was advised to try and deliver Port Arthur, providing that he acts "with the utmost caution." It is stated that General Kuropatkin has refused to make the attempt, and has demanded to be recalled.

## RUSSIAN ADVANCE ABANDONED.

PARIS, Friday.

A "Temps" telegram states that a Russian column, 30,000 strong, under General Kondrokovitch, was dispatched to relieve Port Arthur, but has apparently abandoned the project after a battle at Kinchow (?).—Exchange Telegraph Company.

There is no confirmation of this report, and if the scene of the battle indicated is Kinchow it may be regarded as highly improbable that Russians from the north could have advanced so far towards Port Arthur.

## ANOTHER VERSION.

A Reuter message from Paris states that a telegram to the "Temps" says:

"It appears that a Russian column, 30,000 strong, was preparing to relieve Port Arthur after the capture of Kinchow (or Kinchow) and the landing of Japanese reinforcements. It was decided, however, to abandon the advance."

## RUSSIANS DRIVEN NORTH.

TOKIO, Friday.

A body of Japanese cavalry encountered and defeated a mixed force of Russian cavalry, infantry, and artillery near Lichiatun, nine miles north of Pulantien (Port Adams), on Monday.

The forces met at half-past twelve, and the engagement lasted two hours. The Russians were driven northward.

The Japanese had twenty-five men killed, including one officer, and thirty-seven wounded, including four officers.

The movement of the Russians southwards indicates a possible effort to relieve Port Arthur. The Russian losses are unknown.—Reuter.

Port Adams is on the west coast of the Liao-tung Peninsula, and is the port of Pulantien, a station on the railway. Pulantien is seventy-five miles south of Neuchwang, thirty miles north of Kinchow, the scene of the recent Japanese victories, and sixty miles from Port Arthur.

Judging from an announcement made at Liao-yang that the railway lines and bridges between that point and Pulantien are uninjured, it is possible that a link has been made along the railway from Liao-yang to try and succour Port Arthur.

## FIGHTING NEAR PORT ARTHUR.

RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS,

Mukden, Friday.

For the past two days rumours have been current of severe fighting in Liao-yang. Details are wanting, but the fact that fighting has been general throughout the peninsula is officially confirmed.

The Russians have pushed their outposts south to Wa-fang-tien on the railway, while the Japanese occupy the country from the shores of Korea Bay inland to the vicinity of Sui-yen.—Reuter's Special Service.

Another account from Liyang says that an-

other great battle is proceeding near Port Arthur, and that continuous firing has been heard from the south.

Wa-fang-tien is a station on the railway sixteen miles south of Kaiping and sixty-five miles north of Port Arthur.

Sui-yen is about twenty miles south of Wa-fang-tien and Takushan, where heavy landings have taken place, is about thirty miles south of Sui-yen.

## MORE JAPANESE LANDINGS.

CHIFU, Friday.

The Japanese have landed another body of troops at Tsingtsiue, twenty miles south-east of Takushan. It is said that seventy warships and transports have discharged troops there.

Reinforcements for the army attacking Port Arthur have been landed to the north-east of Talianwan. Their number is unknown.—Reuter.

## "GO OUT AND FIGHT TOGO."

The latest order from St. Petersburg to the Port Arthur fleet is said to be—"In the last event, get out into the open and fight Togo."

A picture of the Liao-tung Peninsula appears on page 1.

## COMMANDERS DISPUTING.

Council of War Called to Assist the Tsar.

Further details of the disputes between General Kuropatkin and Admiral Alexieff are supplied from St. Petersburg.

Following upon a violent discussion during their recent conference at Mukden, in which Admiral Alexieff insisted that the General should march to the relief of Port Arthur, each of the two officers sent a detailed report to the Tsar in support of their individual views.

In opposing Admiral Alexieff's contention, General Kuropatkin argued that his forces at Liao-yang were not strong enough to make a forward movement, and thought it better to remain at Liao-yang until he had 400,000 men, leaving Port Arthur to defend itself. Its capture, he added, would be of no importance.

The Tsar summoned a Council of War to consider the matter, and, says Reuter, after several hours' discussion, Admiral Alexieff's arguments prevailed, and General Kuropatkin was advised to try and deliver Port Arthur, "providing that he acted with the utmost caution."

## KUROPATKIN DEMANDS HIS RECALL.

It is stated that General Kuropatkin has asked for reinforcements to be dispatched to him with all possible speed, but on the other hand, the St. Petersburg correspondent of a French paper asserts that the General refuses to execute the Tsar's order to try and deliver Port Arthur, and that the Russian commander has demanded his recall.

In Tokio the report is repeated that General Kuropatkin's army will retire from Liao-yang and Mukden to Harbin. This is based on a statement that ammunition and provisions are being sent north from the present Russian headquarters.

In connection with this report General Kuropatkin is said to have recently remarked to a military attaché: "I would not advise you to buy a house at Liao-yang, but I do advise you to become a landlord at Harbin."

## KUROPATKIN'S RESIGNATION RUMOURED.

PARIS, Friday.

To-day's Bourse opened firm, but on the rumour that General Kuropatkin had tendered his resignation, realisations were effected, and quotations were consequently lower all round.—Reuter.

## NO EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

According to another French message General Kuropatkin has refused General Kuropatkin's request for an exchange of prisoners.

## SIR CHARLES DILKE'S VIEW.

In conversation with a *Mirror* representative yesterday, Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., said: "Port Arthur is doomed. When a city is invested as Port Arthur is, the besiegers always have the advantage, but there is virtually no doubt as to the fall of the fortress. I do not regard the engagement near Port Adams as anything more than a cavalry skirmish."

## RUSSIA FRIENDLY TO ENGLAND.

Sir Howard Vincent, who has just returned from a visit to Russia, yesterday informed a *Mirror* representative that the state of public feeling there is better than the reports would lead one to suppose, and that the hostility to Great Britain has entirely abated.

He added: "I found a general feeling of calm and confidence in the final result, and a total absence of recrimination."

The sentiment with regard to England is one of gratitude to King Edward for the correct neutral attitude of the Government, and this feeling is evidenced in the very favourable reception accorded to our new Ambassador, Sir Charles Hardinge."

## WALKED 2,000 MILES.

Mr. C. W. Allen, of Stroud, twenty-one years of age, finished a 2,000 miles walk from John o' Groat's to London yesterday morning, accomplishing the journey in forty-five days, thus creating a record. Mr. Allen recently created a record for a 1,000 miles walk.

## SUNNY OAKS DAY.

Royalty and Beauty Witness Pretty Polly's Win.

Pretty Polly, probably the greatest thoroughbred filly known in this generation, won the Oaks very easily yesterday for Major Eustace Loder. Pretty Polly's Oaks was a contrast with the Derby. It was fitting that the "Ladies' Day" should be favoured.

Everyone remarked that it was a pity St. Amant's historical race did not take place under equally enjoyable conditions.

Yesterday was the first fine afternoon of Epsom racing week. One could scarcely recognise this picturesque district of Surrey as the theatre of Wednesday's deluge.

Those stretches of pastoral country, well broken into hill and vale in the neighbourhood of the Downs, the well-timbered slopes and the miles of orchards and gardens now lay in sunshine—in a setting so different to the expanse over which the lightning forked and torrential rains splashed yesterday hours before, when the French horse, Government, engaged our best for the Blue Riband of the Turf.

The King, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Christian again honoured the meeting, and with the royal party were the Duke and Duchess of Portland and Lord Farquhar. Lord Falmouth was also present, and his well-known colors were expected to be carried credibly by that good-looking daughter of St. Frusquin, Fiancée, whose misfortune it was to be born in the same year with Pretty Polly. Lord Derby was among the notables on the balcony, and one remembered how his ancestor founded the great race named after the title and won the companion race, the Oaks, the first time it was run, with a filly called Bridget.

## PICNIC ON THE HILL.

Most of the patricians in the Turf world were present, and the general enclosures were crowded. It was a delightful day for the Hill, and that which is the standard of the standards thronged with vehicles and an immense assemblage devoted more to al fresco junketting than mere racing.

The number of runners for the Oaks was only four—the smallest lot remembered, its like being most nearly approached twenty-two years ago, when Geheimnis, opposing a quartette, won for Lord Falmouth. Lord Falmouth no doubt remembered how Geheimnis, all the rage for the following St. Leger, was beaten by his father's filly, Dutch Oven, ridden by the great jockey, Fred Archer, who for once in his lifetime found his mount start at such odds as 40 to 1.

Most of the ladies, as in duty bound, went to see Pretty Polly in the paddock. And they saw this peerless filly in company with her favourite pony, which always goes with "Polly" to keep her in sweet mood. The companion, honoured in being robed in racing colours, herself comes of thoroughbred stock. She took part in the parade, and even led Pretty Polly in the canter to the starting post, when her mistress had won the Oaks in a common canter. She awaited Pretty Polly at the finish of the race in the paddock, and accompanied her back to the weighing-in enclosure to participate in the cheers which saluted the victory.

## THE GAGGING MYSTERY.

Police Do Not Accept Story of Young Lady Being Bound and Gagged.

Further news of the Accrington sensation of a young lady named Miss Charney being found gagged on a heap of coal in a minister's yard only deepens the mystery.

The police decline to regard the circumstance as one demanding their intervention.

A curious feature of the case is that the whole of the articles used for binding and gagging the young lady were taken from different parts of her own house, even down to the piece of paper on which was written "Revenge is Sweet," and it is regarded as strange that the Rev. Mr. Kitchen should have his attention first drawn to the matter by the knocking at his back door.

Miss Charney has been a most unfortunate young lady. Not only has she lost an eye, now replaced by an artificial one, but some years ago she sustained first a fractured arm and then a broken leg.

## BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday yesterday. As is the pleasant homely custom of the Royal Family, he received presents from the King and from his own children. On these occasions the royal children have always been accustomed to buy these gifts out of their own pocket money.

With them the purchase of birthday presents can only be made by denying themselves some toy on which they have set their hearts, for they are kept sufficiently short of money to fully appreciate its value.

The Prince of Wales was never in better health than he is at present, and the public note with satisfaction that he is more than ever making appearances among his future subjects.

Mr. William James has resigned the appointment of Chief Constructor at Chatham Dockyard, held since 1897, owing to ill-health.

## COWS SHOT ON A MOOR.

Alleged To Be the Revenge of a Jilted Farmer.

## TRACKS IN THE DEW.

Amongst the picturesque peaks of the North Derbyshire Hills, between the districts of Foolow and Stoney Middleton, is situated Black Harry Farm, occupied by Thomas William Mellor, a young farmer, twenty-eight years of age.

At Bakewell yesterday he was charged with killing four cows and wounding another, belonging to a neighbour, Mr. Edward Jewell, who lives at Brosterfield Farm, Foolow.

The case presented some remarkable features, the prosecution alleging that the outrage was committed out of revenge, owing to Jewell having won the affections of a young lady who was formerly engaged to Mellor.

In opening the case, Mr. Clifford, of Derby, stated that at half-past eight on the night of May 25 Jewell led three milking cows safe in one field and three cows in calf in another field, both of which are near his homestead.

## TRACED IN THE DEW.

The next morning a servant reported their disappearance, and Jewell went up to the field where the milking cows had been left. There were footprints visible on the grass, which was heavy with dew, and it was clear also that the cows had been driven into the high road, the tracks of the animals being easily discernible on the muddy road. Following them were the footprints of a man, the peculiarity of which was the inward turn of the toe.

They led to Thunder Pit-lane, and in one corner of an adjoining field were found the three cows. They were dead, their brains having been blown out with a shot-gun.

Similar tracks and footprints were traced from the field, where the cows in calf had been placed, to Green-lane, where the animals were found. They had been killed in the same manner. Gun wads were found on the ground beside the dead cows, and some also were recovered from the brains of the animals, together with a quantity of small shot.

Black Harry Farm is near Green-lane and similar footprints were traced across a ploughed field to Mellor's farm.

## CASTS OF THE FOOTPRINTS.

After denying that he possessed a ram-rod, which the police said was missing, or that he used one in loading his gun, Mellor subsequently produced one which fitted the gun. The police also discovered pieces of cardboard from which wads had been cut to fit a sixteen-bore gun. When Mellor was told that the police were taking a plaster casting of the footprints he exclaimed, "Can they take footprints out of grass? They can't prove it against me."

Mellor had told the police that he was in bed at nine o'clock the previous evening, whereas at that time Mr. Clifford asserted he was in the Spread Eagle Inn at Foolow.

Mellor and Jewell, up to the time of this affair, had been strangers, he continued, but about twelve or eighteen months ago Mellor was engaged to Miss Sarah Redfern, the daughter of a farmer living close to Jewell's farm. In 1898 the engagement was broken off and Miss Redfern declined to renew it.

## SUGGESTED MOTIVE.

Last Good Friday Jewell and Miss Redfern became engaged, and their first appearance in public as a betrothed couple was on Whit Sunday, when Jewell met her for service at the chapel.

This, Mr. Clifford suggested, afforded a motive for committing the crime.

When Mellor was taken to Bakewell Police Station Jewell followed behind him. The surface of the road was soft and the imprint of Mellor's footmarks, he asserted in the witness-box, was identical with the footprints he had traced along the roads and fields the previous day.

The evidence of the police was directed to show that the wads found in the brains of the cows were the same size as the holes in the pieces of cardboard.

The case was adjourned.

## RICHARD CODDEN'S CENTENARY.

Midhurst, Sussex, near which town Richard Codden was born, was the scene of great demonstrations yesterday in celebration of the centenary of the birth of the great free-trader.

From an early hour people poured into the town from all parts, and the early part of the day was utilised in viewing Codden's old estate at Dunford, Heyshott, and the many places of interest and monuments to his memory which exist in that locality but secluded from the country.

On his tomb in West Lavington churchyard was placed a lovely wreath of great size. Blue cornflowers—emblematical of the repeal of the Corn Laws—formed a strong groundwork, being relieved by white sweet peas, gladioli, and lilium Harrisii.

## DULL TRADE AT THE ARSENAL.

Owing to slackness of work six hundred men at Woolwich Arsenal, chiefly in the Laboratory department, are to be discharged within two months.



## THE CRACK GOLFER.

American Wins by "Far and Sure" Driving and Putting.

### VICTORIOUS CAREER.

Mr. Walter Travis, who has astonished the English and Scottish golfing world by his brilliant victory in the Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich, is an Australian by birth, who went to America when comparatively young.

He is 5ft. 10in. in height, about 10st. in weight, and forty-three years of age.

He learnt all his golf in the States, but did not take up the game until he was thirty-five years old, so that he has only been playing for about eight years.

In the first competition in which Mr. Travis ever played he returned absolutely the worst score. Thoroughly taking to, and making a perfect study of the game, however, he improved with each succeeding year; and, indeed, is still progressing.

#### Finest Putter in the World.

Mr. Travis has tried every kind of swing, and every manner of putting, and has developed the strongest game on the greens of any golfer in the world.

If one were to say that he is a far better putter than even the renowned Willie Park, junior, the statement would not be wide of the mark.

Owing to the fact that the Sandwich course is somewhat narrow, and more difficult than the American courses, Mr. Travis has not during the past week been thoroughly extending himself in the long game.

He has been relying on steady driving and his wonderful putting.

His victorious career all through the tournament shows how those elements of his golf have stood him in good stead.

Mr. Edward Blackwell, who was beaten by Mr. Travis in the final, was born in 1866, so that he is thirty-eight years of age. He stands exactly 6 feet in height, and weighs 14st. 9lb.

Just as Mr. Travis is the most marvellous of putters, so is Mr. Blackwell the longest driver ever known. He is, however, erratic in approaching and putting, and loses more in the short game than he gains in the long.

Never before has Mr. Blackwell been in the final of a championship. Mr. Travis, on the other hand, has on three occasions been the champion of the United States.

A photograph of Mr. Travis playing in the championship appears on page 9, and a description of the tournament, with full results, on page 15.

### MUNICIPAL BLACKMAIL.

How Local Councils Blook Tramway Schemes by "Extortionate Exactions."

In the course of his evidence given yesterday before the Royal Commission on London Traffic, Mr. J. Clifton Robinson contended that the exactions of local authorities thwarted private tramway enterprise, and in the end the public suffered.

Mr. Robinson is managing director of the London United Tramways, which is now working some thirty-six route miles of tramway in London suburbs. One of his strongest objections was to the necessity for private companies having to secure the assent of two-thirds of the members of a local authority before a scheme can be submitted to Parliament.

To show how this power of veto affected private enterprise, Mr. Robinson said that the exactions made by thirty public bodies within the sphere of the London United Tramways' operations for street widenings and improvements—being "the price of local authorities' assents"—represented £745,500, apart from way-leaves, which, capitalised, represented a further £294,000.

Owing to the "extortionate prices" placed by local authorities on their "assents" to the last Bill promoted by the company, the measure had to be dropped. The company was asked to carry out public improvements costing £242,630, in addition to widening works costing £217,932, or a total of £460,562.

In Brentford alone the requirements of the local council represented an expenditure at the rate of £608,000 per mile in respect to the six furlongs of new tramway which fell within the boundaries of that district.

As a result the company had had to drop schemes for sixty route miles of new tramways, and if the cost of construction had not been so greatly swollen by the exactions of local authorities, his company would have been able to reduce the fares, or carry people longer distances for the same amount.

His Majesty's sailing cruiser Squirrel arrived at Chatham yesterday with orders to be paid off and sold as unfit for further service.

## DANGEROUS GUESTS.

Two Thousand Hotel Thieves are Known to the Police.

The statement made by Detective Ferritt in court on Thursday, during the hearing of the Marshall case, that there were over 2,000 hotel thieves known to the police, may have caused surprise to the learned Judge and the public generally, but the hotel-keepers have known it for years.

The large, high-priced hotels in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other fashionable centres are the happy hunting grounds of the hotel thieves. When they cannot rob the guests in the hotel they defraud the proprietor by means of bogus cheques or trunks filled with bricks.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative yesterday the manager of a well-known West End hotel said, "We have to look out all the time for thieves, both male and female."

"Their nerve is simply colossal, and even when detected in some dishonest act the swell robber will bluster and threaten to write to the 'Times' if we do not apologise at once and pay compensation."

#### Police Photographs.

"The police have photographs of the most notorious hotel swindlers, and when we get a suspicious-looking guest," said the manager, "we forward a word to Scotland Yard and they send an officer down to look him over."

"If guests would only exercise care in putting away their valuables, locking their doors, and bringing the keys down to the hotel office, there would be very few robberies."

"These swindlers are experts and geniuses in their way. When long strollers come into fashion some years ago a stranger arrived late at night at a swell Bath hotel, wearing one of the new garments. He placed his clothes and boots outside his room to be brushed."

"In the morning the people in the office were aroused by the furious ringing of No. 29 bell. The waiter rushed up and found the dark stranger walking his room in his nightgown with an air of wild excitement."

#### Lost Trousers.

"Where are my trousers, you villain!" he yelled to the astonished servant. The man fled and saw the proprietor. The trousers, which were said to have contained £50 in notes and gold, could not be found. The stranger swore he had placed them outside the door and forgotten to take the money out."

"A lot of society folk were staying in the house and the landlord paid up sooner than have any fuss. Two months afterwards the proprietor went to visit his brother, who kept an hotel at Scarborough."

"While sitting in the office he heard a waiter tell his brother in excited tones that No. 15 had lost his trousers with £50 in the pockets."

"Of course, the Bath landlord recognised the guest as the one who had worked him for £50 and a new pair of garments. His evidence was the means of getting the 'dark stranger' eighteen months in goal, where the new down-to-heels ulsters were absolutely barred."

## LESS SCOPE FOR CRIMINALS.

Measure for Prolonged Segregation Read a Second Time.

Habitual criminals are growing in number, and the proportion of prisoners with previous convictions is now very high. This perhaps, Mr. A. K. Douglas thinks, is partly due to the better means of investigation by the method of finger prints, and partly to the constant tendency during the last few years to give shorter sentences.

It is the object of the Penal Servitude Bill, which was read a second time in the House of Commons yesterday, to make better provision for dealing with these classes of criminals. It is proposed to segregate them for a longer period, though for a portion of the time it will be regarded as sufficient to keep them under discipline.

The Home Secretary's explanation of the proposed form met with generally favourable criticism. Mr. Cochrane, in summing up the case for the Government, said the Bill was a compliment to the reformatory efforts that had been made at Borstal Prison. It was intended that the persons dealt with should be put in a special class and enabled to earn money by their own labour and at liberty to spend some part of the money in purchasing immediate and increased comforts.

Upon the closure being moved, it was carried by 181 to 71, and the Bill read a second time.

## FRENCH TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)  
PARIS, Friday.

The Press are unanimous in their congratulations on the Anglo-French Convention being approved by the House of Commons.

The "Petit Parisien" says the mutual rapprochement is not the work of Ministers, but the sentiment of two nations.

The "Siecle" thinks the unanimous vote of the House of Commons has shown the value it attaches to criticisms which have no foundation in fact.

Other leading journals all consider the convention will occupy a notable place in history.

## GAY LORD ANGLESEY.

Squandered Thousands on Jewels, Dogs, and Pantomime.

The affairs of the Marquis of Anglesey are considerably mixed up at present, and it is difficult for the officials to say exactly what will happen with regard to his lordship.

The trustees who have been appointed will draw up the deed of assignment, and it will then be sent abroad for the Marquis's signature. If he signs it the affairs will be settled, and Lord Anglesey will be able to return to England without fear of writers.

The theatrical adventures of the marquis have at various periods of his career caused mild astonishment to the public at large and occupied columns of the Press. He has been robbed by dishonest valets, and had serious quarrels with his theatrical manager.

The little lord always dressed magnificently in highly-coloured garments, covered with diamonds, and travelled with his company to some of the fashionable watering places on the South Coast.

He generally played a female character, and excelled as a dancer. His figure was slim and his complexion might have been envied by many a schoolgirl of seventeen.

#### Extensive Retinue.

The dogs, which accompanied him, wore diamond collars and had their hair curled and perfumed morning and night.

The marquis always travelled with two valets, a hairdresser, a private secretary, and a tame poet, who wrote sonnets to his lordship's eyebrows and read any new plays which were presented.

When any profits were made during the tour of the marquis the money was handed over to local charities in the town where they were playing. His private theatre in Anglesey was magnificently fitted, and the Welsh people travelled miles to see him act. The show was free.

On one pantomime the Marquis of Anglesey spent £250,000 for dresses, scenery, and jewellery, and his own jewels were valued at £213,000.

His playbills and programmes were always printed on white satin, and the marquis played in almost every kind of piece from "Hamlet" to "The New Barnmaid."

A portrait of the Marquis of Anglesey appears on page 8.

## PATRIOT OR BRIGAND?

"Raisuli Would Make a Good Governor," Says Mr. C. Graham.

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Cunningham-Graham to a *Mirror* representative yesterday afternoon, "that if the European warships send troops to attack Raisuli the lives of Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley will be in very real danger."

"I do not believe the story that he is demanding £14,000 ransom, for it is not his habit to do so. What he wants is to collect an indemnity from the Morocco Custom-house at Tangier for the attack which was made upon his village a year ago."

"The naval demonstrations will have no effect upon him, for he knows that ships cannot climb mountains, and their guns cannot reach him. He would not mind troops being landed in Tangier, because it would annoy the Sultan, whom he especially hates."

"Raisuli pretends to be an adherent of the Pretender, or Rogu—about whom very little is known." "What inducement would he have to kill his prisoners?" asked the *Mirror* representative.

"Because, by the murder, he might be hailed as a Moorish patriot."

#### Cool Request.

"And his demand to be made Governor of his own district?"

"That is probable, and in a measure reasonable, for he would make a remarkably good Governor. He has the respect of the whole district, and in Morocco respect is only gained by fear."

"There are several cases in Morocco and Algiers in which robbers and rebels have been bought up by being made official Governors. The brigand in Morocco is a sort of Robin Hood."

"Finally, I would like to say this. Whatever is the result of the negotiations whether the prisoners are murdered or not, France is now ultimately responsible for the good government of the country. And without French intervention the lives of Europeans in Morocco will be in perpetual jeopardy."

## BUTCHERS' WALK TO BRIGHTON.

The second annual walk to Brighton of the employees in the Central Markets will take place this morning. Twenty-two competitors will take part in the race, which promises to be a very keen one, and the butchers will try and lower the records of the stockbrokers.

The start will be made when the Smith-street Bazaar Westminster at 5 a.m. sharp, and the winner may be expected at the Aquarium any time after 1 p.m.

The prizes consist of a gold medal (value £10), three silver cups, and a special silver medal for the first married competitor arriving after the first three, and a silver medal to every competitor who walks the full course within twelve hours.

## WHO WILL BE IN HEAVEN?

Rev. A. G. Brown Says Mr. Campbell and the Pope May Not Be Seen There.

### KISSING ST. PETER'S RING.

When the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, was in Rome he did as the Romans do, and went to see the Pope. Indeed, he went further. He kissed St. Peter's ring on his Holiness's finger.

But he did not reckon with the Rev. Archibald Geikie Brown, of the Baptist Church, Chatsworth-road, West Norwood, who, when he heard the story withdrew from co-operation with him and Dr. Hunter, in a course of sermons at the Rev. Thomas Gear's Bishopsgate-street Congregational Chapel.

A *Mirror* representative found Mr. Brown at home yesterday afternoon, and full of the old fighting spirit that led him in 1887 to leave the Baptist Union in company with Mr. C. H. Spurgeon on account of the "Down Grade" controversy.

"It was bad enough," he exclaimed, "to find Dr. Hunter down to grade, and I told Mr. Gear so, but Dr. Campbell—"

The pastor paused eloquently.

Done with Mr. Campbell.

"But Dr. Campbell," he repeated, "was too much! I wrote to Mr. Gear and told him that I could not consent to be in any way associated in the same pulpit with a man who had made obeisance to the Pope, a man who had, by pressing his lips to St. Peter's ring on the Pope's finger, acknowledged the ecclesiastical position claimed for him."

"No, I can have nothing to do with one who has kissed anti-Christ. That is what I told Mr. Gear, and I don't mind if the world knows it."

The pastor's eyes flashed. He has a scorn of what he calls the lack of thought and absence of backbone in believers. If you have a principle you should assert it, and adhere to it. That is his opinion.

He would not discuss the idea of the man in the street that broad views of earthly life and faith might be found accurate in the life to come.

"There is considerable doubt," he went on, "whether the Pope and Mr. Campbell will be seen in Heaven."

"It has been suggested that the Pope is a kind of side-show of the Holy City, a curiosity you see, like the Dalai Lama at Lhasa. Nonsense! What do you suppose the Pope would say to that, or Mr. Campbell?"

#### Passive Resister's Kiss.

"It is all so inconsistent. Here you have a man, a prominent passive resister, who refuses to pay an education rate of a few pence, because he says Popery is taught in the schools, and then goes on a trip to Rome and kisses the Pope's hand!"

The pastor laughed at the suggestion that he had been annoyed by the shoals of abusive letters he had received. He expressed his pleasure at the hundreds of sympathetic communications which had reached him.

"The sympathy quite over-balances the abuse," he said. "Most of the latter has struck me as humorous. I had a violent letter signed 'Twenty-two Young Men.' They announced that if I didn't keep my word and turn up to preach, as advertised, at Bishopsgate-street, they would—well, they would know what to do." Mr. Brown said the action on the word by shaking his fist.

"There are two camps," he concluded, "two camps. What is the use of denying it? If you belong to one, say so. Backbone is wanted badly. If you call me a bigot, very well, I am one, and I claim for the bigot the right to the same bigotry that is freely accorded to the broad-minded man—the bigotry of a personal opinion, expressed and retained, bigotry in defence of the Gospel."

## WILL THE CABMEN PAY THE 15s.?

At a meeting of the cab proprietors yesterday several small owners, who have been taking less than the Asquith Award, decided to abide by the average of the award, and to put up their terms to 15s. to-day.

Mr. Mills, the secretary of the Federation of London Cab Proprietors, stated that he thought this would apply chiefly to the outlying parts of London, but, in view of the fact that the outlying drivers come into the centre when there is any chance of a job, this is by no means clear.

Mr. Mills is of opinion that the men will pay the money. But Mr. Hill, the secretary of the Union, laughed the idea to scorn.

"Owners representing one hundred or so cabs have come to our terms to-day," he said, "and we have more promises. We are winning, and shall certainly not give way."

## THE ONLY JAR OF ITS KIND.

The sale of the valuable collection of old English furniture and Nankin porcelain, forming a portion of the extensive art collection of Mr. James Orook, was brought to a close yesterday, when a total of £20,838 was realised.

An oviform Hawthorn pattern jar and cover, considered by expert authorities to be the only one in existence, was sold for 1,250 guineas.



## FOR HIS SISTER QUEENIE'S SAKE.

### Trial of the Boy Who Took His Mother's Life. OF UNSOUND MIND.

The exceedingly sad story of the unhappy boy, Frank Rodgers, who murdered his mother at the Gables, Meldreth, on April 12 last, came before Mr. Justice Phillimore at Cambridge Assizes yesterday.

It was clearly shown that the distressing circumstances of his home life so deeply agitated the boy that, in the tortured state of his mind, he decided the only course was to take his mother's life. The jury found that he was insane at the time of the murder and the Judge ordered his detention during his Majesty's pleasure.

That the boy Frank committed the crime was undisputed, and the evidence of the majority of the witnesses was directed to deciding the question of the state of his mind at the time.

When the Judge took his seat all eyes in the crowded court were turned upon the slim, delicate-looking boy who was brought into the dock. He scarcely looked his age of fifteen and a half years. His face was pale, and there were dark lines under his eyes, but the boy's demeanour in the dock gave little indication that he realised to any extent the terrible nature of the charge hanging over him. After remaining standing for about ten minutes he dropped into a chair which had been provided for him, and during the rest of the trial sat with a listless expression on his face.

#### The Boy's Complex Nature.

As showing the complex character of the boy's nature, Mr. St. John Raikes, who prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury, mentioned that only a few days before the murder of his mother he was at Royston Station, and seeing her attempting to cross the line, at the risk of his life he rushed towards

her and asked her to take Queenie in for the night. In a quiet, composed tone, he added, "There has been a little upset at the house; I've shot mother."

Afterwards he asked for a newspaper, and sat calmly reading until he was arrested.

Most of the witnesses called for the defence by Mr. F. Low, K.C., were asked to give expert medical evidence as to the state of the boy's mind. Dr. Percy Smith, formerly superintendent of the Bethlem Hospital, held that Frank Rodgers was insane at the time of the murder, but he would not, he stated in cross-examination, describe the crime as motiveless. It was not merely an act done on the impulse of the moment, but one which had been considered beforehand. The result of comparing his unhappy home with another home where he had been a member of the family was that the impulse to kill came with such imperative force that the boy was unable to resist it.

Other medical men gave similar evidence. Dr. Rogers, superintendent of the Cambridge County Asylum, proving also that John Robson, the boy's great uncle, who died at the asylum in 1889, had attempted to murder his father and had threatened others.

This was supplemented by evidence of insanity among other members of the family on the mother's side. A brother of the dead woman stated that their first father had been a man of intemperate habits. The jury arrived at their verdict without leaving the box.

### DANDY FENCERS.

#### Frenchmen in Patent Leather Shoes and Silver Buckles.

English fencers suffered severely at the International Fencing Tournament at the Crystal Palace yesterday.

The épée, which is practically a duelling sword, was the weapon used, and teams representing England, France, Belgium, and Holland competed against one another on the terrace.

The Frenchmen take their fencing very seriously, and they quite outclassed the Englishmen. It must be remembered, however, that in France every town has its fencing club, while there are hardly a hundred first-class swordsmen in this country.

One of the most exciting bouts of the day was between Sir C. Duff Gordon and M. J. J. Renaud, of the Cercle de l'Éscrime, Paris, who is considered the best amateur fencer in France.

Several of the Frenchmen wore patent leather shoes with silver buckles and silk-quilted jackets.

## SUING A LADY DOCTOR.

### Curious Allegation of Negligence in an Operation.

Some very attractive lady doctors and girl medical students and some very unattractive details about an abdominal operation were the principal features of a "negligence" case heard before Mr. Justice Bruce and a special jury yesterday.

The plaintiff was Mrs. Ellen Byrne, an elderly housekeeper, who had the uncomfortable experience last year of being operated on for tumour, and then being informed that a large "sponge" had been accidentally left inside her, and that another operation was necessary to recover it.

The blame for this she is laying on Miss Mary Thorne, who is a lady doctor in practice in Nottingham-square, Regent's Park.

In order to help convince the Court that his client, the fair doctress, is incapable of such a thing as carelessness or negligence, Mr. Dickens, K.C., her counsel, quoted the following list of qualifications and honours that appertain to her:—

M.D., Brussels, 1885.  
Licentiate Apothecaries' Hall, 1895.  
Fellow the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, 1902.  
Miss Thorne by her appearance in the witness-box fully bore out this flattering description of her. She is a tall, intellectual woman, with a pale face and keen bright eyes. As a relief to the weight of her qualification she wore a summery costume, in which a rose-trimmed hat and a cream-coloured blouse played a prominent part.

#### Counting Over the "Sponges."

It was the duty of the nurse who assisted at the operation, she said, to count the "sponges" when they were taken out, and when she heard the words "all correct" from the nurse she considered that everything was well.

The offending "sponge" was produced in court, and the laymen present were somewhat startled by its size. When held up for inspection by Mr. Woodfin, Mrs. Byrne's counsel, it proved to be a pad of cotton wool, apparently nearly a foot square and over an inch thick.

The nurse herself also gave evidence, and was positive that she had counted the "sponges" aright. As a matter of fact, she asserted, she did not believe that the "sponge" produced was ever used,

## THE FINAL PARTING.

### Result of a Wife's Second Divorce Court Application.

The final scene in a matrimonial tragedy that has already been partly unfolded in the Divorce Court took place yesterday before Mr. Justice Barnes.

Mrs. Millicent Adela Cobbold asked for and obtained a dissolution of her marriage with her husband, Captain Cobbold, which took place at Alresford in 1893.

When Mrs. Cobbold was in the Divorce Court before, early last year, she had a different request to make. She was then asking the Court for the restoration of her husband—that he should be directed to return to her by an "order of restitution of conjugal rights."

The story of his desertion, which the petitioner, a comely woman, dressed in rustling black silk, told in the witness-box, was as follows:—

After their marriage she and her husband went to India, but after his return from an expedition to Central Asia his conduct was very unsatisfactory. When they returned to England in 1889 they, by his arrangement, travelled in different boats.

#### Tired of Matrimony.

Then, at her sister's house in Rutland-square, where she went on her arrival in England, he told her that he was "tired of married life." She so far persuaded him that he consented to take a flat for them both in Sloane-street, but eventually he deserted her.

Mr. Bargarve Deane, who appeared for Captain Cobbold, said that that gentleman admitted that he had done his wife a great wrong, and had given instructions that her case should be facilitated.

The necessary evidence of misconduct was then given by A. Y. C. McInnes, Mrs. Cobbold's family solicitor from Alresford. This gentleman said that he had seen an announcement in the fashionable intelligence of a newspaper that "Captain and Mrs. Cobbold had arrived in town." But he knew that Mrs. Cobbold was abroad, so he made inquiries that proved that the Captain had been escorting another lady.

On this evidence His Lordship granted the decree asked for.

**Our thrilling New Serial Story, "The Premier's Daughter," begins on page 10 of to-day's issue. Don't miss it. It is by Alice and Claude Askew, authors of "The Shulamite," the best-praised novel of the year, and the only one by new authors which has gone into a second edition. It has been bought exclusively for the "Daily Mirror," and promises to be the most successful serial of our time.**

her and swung her into safety when the oncoming engine was within a few yards of her.

Frank had two favourites in the house—his mother and his little sister Queenie.

So much was this the case that he was called in the family circle "mother's boy." Up to a few months ago he was evidently a bright boy, enjoying games with others of his age, and a rather voracious reader.

Previous to coming to reside at Meldreth the family had lived in London, where Mr. Rodgers has a solicitor's practice. The move to the Cambridgeshire village was due to the continued intemperate habits of Mrs. Rodgers. Without doubt Frank felt this very acutely.

#### "I Think It Best."

His elder sister Winifred stated in her evidence that on the night of April 12 her mother "was quite herself." After supper Miss Rodgers and her little sister Queenie were in the drawing-room when the door was suddenly opened by Frank, who had a revolver in his hand. He said to them, "I have shot her as I think it best." A doctor was sent for, but Mrs. Rodgers was found to be dead.

Later in the evening his sister asked Frank why he had shot his mother. He replied: "I did it for Queenie's sake. She could not be brought up to the life we have led for the past few years."

An elder brother, to whom the revolver belonged with which Mrs. Rodgers was shot, said that Frank had of late acted very strangely. He was always worse when his mother was under the influence of drink. Frank used to do strange things in his sleep, and one morning at breakfast he told them he had dreamed that he had strangled his mother.

#### Urged by a Voice.

Soon after Mrs. Rodgers had been shot Dr. Ennion, the family medical attendant, saw Frank, who acted in a very unnatural manner, not at all realising what he had done, and sitting calmly reading a newspaper. The boy told him that just before he shot his mother he heard a voice telling him to do it quickly.

Dr. Ennion was convinced that the lad's mind was in such a state that he thought he had done the right thing in shooting his mother—in fact, he made the remark that "it was the only thing to do."

More light was thrown on the boy's behaviour after he had killed his mother by Mrs. Thurley, a neighbour of the family, who said that after the murder Frank carried his little sister over to her

## MOTHER'S LAST HOPE.

### Throws Her Baby from Second-Floor Window at a City Fire.

Flames bursting suddenly from the basement of a shoemaker's shop at 36, Brushfield-street, E.C., about one o'clock yesterday afternoon drove a houseful of Russian Jews into a state of wild excitement, and resulted in several hairbreadth escapes from death.

To the bravery and presence of mind of two men, Frank Lee and William Webber, is due the fact that no loss of life, or even serious injury, occurred.

The fire, leaving the shop untouched, gutted the entire upper part of the house. The inhabitants on the first floor escaped through the back windows, and some girls in the attic made their way over the roof to safety.

On the second floor, however, a family named Kelson found their escape cut off.

While the firemen below were doing their best to cope with the flames Mrs. Kelson suddenly appeared at the window with her five-days-old child completely enveloped in bedding, and after a moment's hesitation thrust it into the street below. It was caught safely by the men Lee and Webber, who then called on the mother to jump. To the horror of the spectators as the woman leaped she turned over and fell head downwards, but by good luck the two men below caught her before she reached the pavement, and she suffered nothing further than a severe shock. Mrs. Kelson's brother, who followed, hung for some time from the window-ledge before he dropped, and in falling struck the first floor coping, but his fall was also broken by Lee and Webber.

### CLERGYMAN'S "BLACK MARK."

Summoned before the Marlborough-street magistrate for driving a motor-car without a registered driver, A. B. W. Wharton admitted the offence, and said that the car was out solely for the purpose of being tested.

Imposing a fine of 10s. and costs, the magistrate observed that perhaps the company from which the motor was purchased ought to have been summoned. He added that the licence must be endorsed.

Mr. Wharton: I go through life then with a black mark on the licence?

for it was of a different pattern from those employed at the operation, "sponges" which she herself supplied and could recognise.

In unpleasant contrast to the medical ladies was another witness, of an appearance fortunately rarely seen in our courts. This was a gentleman with the whole of his complicated inside exposed to the view of the jury. He was made of painted cardboard.

In spite of the pleasure of listening to the ladies the jury were glad to get away when the Court adjourned.

## BUSINESS-LIKE LOVERS.

### Bargaining Over the Gift of an Engagement Ring.

An application was made to the Highgate magistrates yesterday by a young man for a summons against his late sweetheart, for who, he said, detaining an engagement ring for which he had paid two guineas. When she accepted it the understanding was that it was to be returned if the engagement was broken off.

The Magistrate: She has broken it off, and will not give you the ring?

Applicant: Yes. She says I can't claim it because she is under age, and that if I call round for it I may get more than I want.

The Magistrate: Do you mean to say that when you gave it to her you said, "If it is broken off you are to give me the ring back"?—Yes.

And she took it?—Yes.

The Magistrate: You had better go to the county court, they may be more sympathetic there.

The young man withdrew with a disappointed expression on his face.

## GRIMACES CAUSE A FATAL QUARREL.

Meeting Charles Borrowitz, a German, in a St. George's-in-the-East public-house, Emil Kollner, a baker, of the same nationality, resented the first-named pulling faces at him over a partition.

There was a fight in the bar and afterwards in the street, where Kollner struck Borrowitz in the forehead with a knife. Though the knife was still in his left temple, the injured man wanted to walk to hospital. He died soon afterwards.

Charged at the Thames Police Court with murder, Kollner was remanded.

## A LUCKY COMPETITOR.

### Insight Into the Vast Profits of Coupon Competitions.

Mr. Marsham, the Bow-street magistrate, was engaged for some time yesterday in hearing fresh evidence brought against Messrs. Donald Mackenzie, Charles Geoghegan, J. L. Mackenzie, J. Ashdown, J. Mackenzie, C. W. Bacon, D. Miller, and J. W. Watt, who are charged with obtaining money by false pretences in connection with coupon competitions and sweepstakes.

It is alleged for the prosecution that large money prizes were offered, only a tithe of which were paid. Some of the defendants, who adopted various aliases, were put forward as the winners. In 1901 the competitions were being conducted honestly by a man named Stoddart and his son, but they were held to be illegal, and in August, 1903, Stoddart sold the business to Donald Mackenzie for £4,000. The books kept by Donald Mackenzie during the last three months of 1903 showed that £20,000 was paid into his account as the proceeds of the coupon competitions alone, as distinguished from the sweepstakes.

James Paulton, a Wolverhampton printer, deposed to having received a prize of £20 by cheque from "Sporting Luck," Middleburg, Holland. He was one of five successful competitors.

Mr. Matthews: Had you ever won any prizes in "Sporting Luck" competitions before?—Yes, many. In Messrs. Stoddart's time £115, £75, and several other sums.

James Robertson, a clerk, said that his name had been entered in a cricket competition as winning £100. He had not entered as a competitor, and did not receive the sum mentioned. He had received £5 as a gift from Donald Mackenzie, whom he first knew as a bookmaker.

The prisoners were again remanded on bail.

## CURLED HER HAIR WITH THE POKER.

Emma Walsh, of Hulme, after drinking for a fortnight, was found by her husband curling her hair with a poker.

She then went into the yard and drank some spirits of salts, from the effects of which she died.

At the inquest yesterday a verdict of "Suicide whilst temporarily insane" was returned.







## NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
2, CARMELITE-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.  
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.  
TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 24s.  
To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for twelve months, 39s.; payable in advance.  
Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904.

## CONDITIONAL COURTSHIP.

In this commercial and unsentimental age the little god of Love must often feel that our world is no place for him. He must sigh for the brave days of old, when all matches were love matches, striking only on one particular pair of hearts; and when one love affair lasted a man or woman all their lives.

Nowadays our young people seem to drop in and out of love as often as the wind shifts, and far more frequently than the fashion in skirts changes. They import into their love-making a huckstering spirit at which the true Chloe and Corydon would shudder, if they were able to understand it. Yesterday, for instance, a young man asked a London magistrate if he could not compel the girl he had been engaged to to give up her engagement ring.

"It cost two guineas," exclaimed this unpoetical valuer of the extreme token of his former passion; "and she promised to give it back if our engagement was broken off." What a confession! What a page from the book of modern chivalry! But this thrifty swain did not go far enough. He should have had a solicitor present at the fateful interview. Before he put on the ring he should have had his sweetheart's promise to return it signed, sealed, and delivered with all the forms and ceremonies of the law.

Where does the fault lie for such travesties of love as this? Very largely with the modern girl who, if she made herself less cheap, would find young men more tender, more respectful towards her. But the young men are not by any means blameless themselves. They are far too much inclined to "sharp practice" in their love affairs. It was a wise man who said never try to mix up love and business, and his advice was never more timely than it is to-day.

So the champion golfer of Great Britain is an American! Well, America sent us the rubber-cored ball, and it was only natural that she should produce a player more capable than anyone else of making it do what he pleased. The secret of Mr. Travis's triumph is scientific study. He can do things that no one has ever done before, just because he has devoted hard thinking to the game. That is where the Americans beat us nearly all along the line.

The Rev. Archibald Brown is afraid that neither the Pope nor the Rev. R. J. Campbell will find places in Heaven. We presume he has been appointed special forwarding agent for that region. No doubt he will shortly advertise that no one can be admitted without a ticket, to be obtained only at his tabernacle. Where he is going to put the Holy Father and the City Temple orator Mr. Brown does not say, nor has he told us why this ban is put upon them. Until he explains further they must make an effort to bear up.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No conception of the grandeur of the race and its mission appears ever to have dawned upon Richard Cobden. He was the friend of every enemy of our country; pro-Russian, when we fought Russia; pro-Chinese, when we fought China; pro-French, when it seemed that Napoleon III. might make war upon us; anti-Portuguese, because Portugal was the ally of the British nation. Whatever happened in whatever part of the world, England was always wrong.—*Mr. H. W. Wilson*, in the "National Review."

## ANOTHER SPLENDID PAUPER.



With an income of over £100,000 a year, the Marquis of Anglesley has managed to accumulate debts amounting to over half a million sterling in six years. His jewellery is worth £213,000. At the present time his creditors are holding meetings in England; Lord Anglesley is abroad.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Is the Origin of the Fourth of June at Eton?

The Fourth of June was the birthday of George III., who took a great interest in the school. It was always observed as a festival in his time, and has been ever since.

It is now the great day of the year for all the boys who go in for boating in preference to cricket, who are, in the school slang, "wet-hobs," and not "dry-hobs." There is a procession of boats on the Thames, the crews all dressed in ridiculous and old-fashioned costumes—broadcloth trousers and white ducks, with silk stockings and brass-buckled shoes. The coxswains wear the uniforms of naval officers.

This year the Fourth of June has an especial glory, for the crews have been invited by the King to have their supper in Windsor Park, instead of at Surly as usual.

"Dat man is allus lookin' foh work."

"Yes," said Erasmus Pinkley, "dat's what he says; but he's one o' dese here people dat goes round wif a snow-shovel in July an' a pitchfork in January."—*"Snow-Shovel Star."*

I've been so hungry that it seemed to me I'd die if I didn't get some food; but I never wanted grub so bad as I did a kiss one night just after I had done something mean to my wife an' she knew it. I knew she knew it, an' she knew I knew she knew it.—From "An Old Salt's Observations" in "Judge," New York.

## THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

General Kuropatkin—Port Arthur's One Hope.

"Captain Kuropatkin was one of the hopes of our General Staff for his military skill, his extraordinary activity, and his unexampled daring and resolution."

This obituary notice was published by the Moscow "Viedomosti" in September, 1877, when it was telegraphed that Alexei Kuropatkin had died fighting beside Skobelev in the attack on the Plevna redoubts on August 31. Kuropatkin, luckily, was not dead, though he had been knocked senseless by the explosion of a case of shells. The "hope of the General Staff" in 1877 has become the hope, and the last forlorn hope, of all Russia in 1904.

Yes, to this small, stout man, with twinkling, brown, Tartar eyes, all Russians are looking now to save them from the humiliation of defeat. His jerky walk must be jerkier than ever just now, his speech more voluble; he must chew and throw away unlighted even more than his customary allowance of fifty cigarettes a day. His is going through the crisis of his life.

If many qualities could do it, he would pull through, for he is by common consent "a man among men."

"Your modesty is only equalled by your bravery," wrote Skobelev in 1880 to Kuropatkin. Skobelev, however, would have qualified his praise if he had ever gone fishing with his comrade-in-arms. Kuropatkin's one weakness is the belief that he is the best fisherman in the Tsar's empire, and his tall stories of gigantic fish caught in Finnish lakes are a standing joke in St. Petersburg.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

To one side of the railings round Buckingham Palace a boy news-vendor attaches his wares, and yesterday morning, as soon as London began to be about, this part of the King's residence was seen to be adorned by a long row of *Mirrors* showing the excellent portrait of his Majesty smiling, which appeared on our front page. Needless to say, they attracted everybody's attention, and were eagerly bought up. When the King drove out and saw them he smiled more than ever.

It is a fine thing for Major Eustace Loder to win the Oaks so early in his racing career. In Pretty Polly he bred a horse of rare quality, and yesterday she fully justified her reputation. Major Loder is a typical Englishman to look at, fair moustache, going slightly bald on the temples, hair parted in the middle, features remarkable rather for regularity than for any suggestion of talent out of the common. He went through the South African War with his regiment, the 12th Lancers, but he has now retired from the Army and devotes himself to his horses in Ireland.

In dull Downing-street yesterday morning a van was delivering red cloth and palms and rout-seats. And it was at the Prime Minister's house, too! Well, why should not the Prime Minister give a party like anyone else? Last night a great many people found excellent reasons why he should give parties, for they were enjoying themselves very much. Miss Balfour helps him to receive his guests, and as they are nearly all personal friends these gatherings have a pleasantly informal character.

Miss Balfour is quiet, domestic, rather Scotch, and more than a little the humorous look-on-at the comedy of life. She makes things very easy for her brother, and yet manages to enjoy herself very well. She likes traveling, and has done a great deal of it. She is also a great student of insects, and will talk for hours to Lord Avebury about ants or beetles. At Mr. Balfour's place in Scotland she plays Lady Bountiful in the kindest way and has her reward. She has never, it is said, been photographed willingly. But the snap-shooter is a sad rogue.

Lord Egmont, who is forty-eight to-day, has an eventful career to look back upon. The son of a younger son, he had anything but a luxurious upbringing, and was put into the merchant service as soon as he was old enough to go to sea. He rose to the position of second mate, and then, taking a fancy for shore life, became a metropolitan fireman. After a few years of this, however, he craved for some occupation less exciting, so he took on the job of acting as caretaker at Chelsea Town Hall.

Here he was a great success. His most famous achievement was turning the fire-hose on to a mob of noisy electors at a political meeting. Just before he gave up this appointment he came into £8,000 and "stood a feed" to the poor of Chelsea, which they remember to this day. He came into the peerage in 1897, and has made himself popular enough in Sussex, where his famous home, Cowdrey Park, is. The Countess of Egmont was formerly a Miss Howell, in the employment of Messrs. Spiers and Pond.

It is only a little while since all the world was talking about the marriage of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's nephew with a charming Japanese. But, alas! life in New York did not suit the pretty almond-eyed Mrs. George Morgan at all, and she did not suit New York. At all events, she and her husband have decided to live in Japan for the future, where her dainty dress will not excite coarse comment and where the scorn of the Four Hundred will cease to be a daily pin-prick.

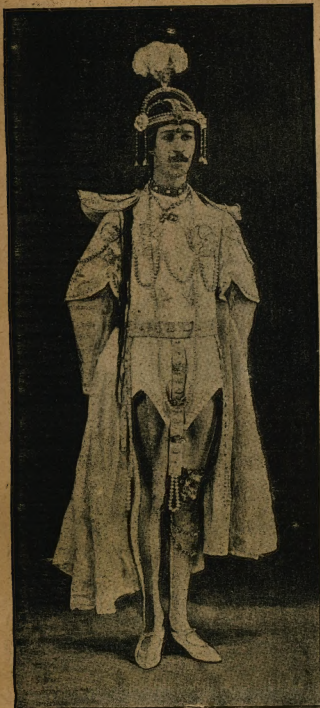
Surely the professors of the Herkimer School of Art, when they objected to the love-making of the students, overlooked—as professors are apt to do—that experience is necessary to artists, as well as technique. Mr. Marcus Stone said yesterday that "no student nowadays would think of studying detail in the same way as the old masters." But the old masters, whatever they did, did not refrain from love-making, and the students of to-day may plead that they must experience love to successfully portray it.

Apropos of this question, the opinion of a well-known professor of another form of art—that of singing—may be quoted. A few days ago, after patiently trying to make a student give an impassioned rendering of a love-song, he suddenly tossed the piano with a bang. "Ach!" he said, "I will teach you to sing, but I cannot teach you of love. Have you never made love?" "No," said the pupil. "Then go out and make love before you try again to sing," was the master's reply. The bewildered young man went, but whether he carried out his instructions is not at present known.

L.C.C. steamboats on the Thames are coming then in spite of Mr. Arnold Hills, the champion of the existing steamers, which Mr. Burns once described as "a derelict fleet of rust and scrap-iron." It would not be at all surprising, though, to see Mr. Hills trying to compete with the Council boats. When a vegetarian teetotaler gets a bee into his bonnet it is not easily dislodged. Mr. Hills suffers from all kinds of delusions. He even thinks "the unemployed" can be induced to work. And he is still persuaded that the Thames Steamboat Company could give a better service than anybody else. Well, we shall see.



## LORD ANGLESEY, THE ACTOR-PEER, OWES HALF-A-MILLION.



Lord Anglesey in the wonderful jewel-embroidered dress he wore as Aladdin in his famous pantomime. The dress was valued at £100,000, being practically covered with diamonds.—(Photograph by Wickens, Bangor.)



On tour. The Marquis of Anglesey, who wears the check overcoat, explains how he wants a certain part to be played. The enormous sums which he has spent on jewels and on his theatrical productions are responsible for the fact that in six years he has incurred liabilities amounting to over £544,000.

## AN ETON HERO.



A plucky Eton boy, named Sassoon, who rescued a companion from the Thames at Windsor. He also distinguished himself at the Eton fire a year ago.—(Photograph by Hills and Saunders.)

## A MOROCCAN BRIGAND.



A typical brigand and a member of the band which, under the leadership of El Raisuli, carried off Mr. Perdicaris from Tangier.



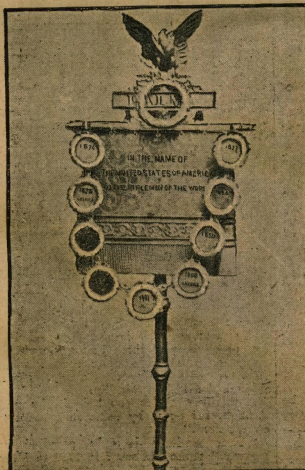
Mlle. Fougere, the Parisian theatrical "star," who was found murdered at Aix-les-Bains. Giriat, her companion, and a man named Bassot are now being tried in Paris, charged with her murder, for the sake of her jewels.

## PRESENTATION TO BRAUND.



Braund, to whom a presentation has been made by the citizens of Bath, in recognition of his play for the M.C.C. team in Australia.—(Photograph by Hawkins and Co.)

## PALMA TROPHY DISPUTE.



The Palma rifle-shooting trophy, won last year by an American team, and about which a keen dispute is now raging, on the grounds that the Americans used non-regulation rifles.



Yesterday's sunshine, after the depressing rain of the last few days, gladdened the hearts of Londoners, and Hyde Park was once more filled with a gaily-dressed crowd.

Loading  
The jock

GO

Mr. W. J.  
defector  
English  
his gro



THE KING VISITS ETON TO-DAY FOR THE "FOURTH OF JUNE" CELEBRATIONS.



of boats. There will be several departures from custom at the Eton celebrations the boat procession passes Fellows' Eyot the oars will not be raised on account the modern strung rowlocks.—(Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.)

CORONATION CUP WINNER AT EPSOM.



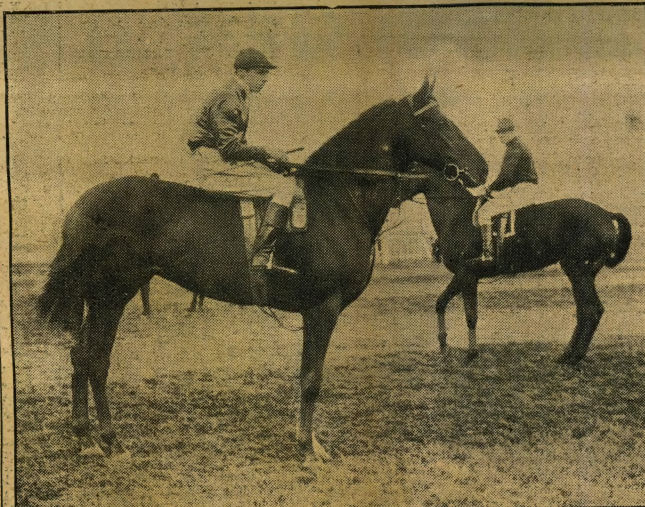
Howard de Walden's horse, Zinfandel, the winner of the Coronation Cup at Epsom. Mornington Cannon, who rode Gouvernant, the unsuccessful Derby favourite.—(Photograph by Baker and Dixon.)

GOES TO AMERICA.



the American golf player, who yesterday dward Blackwell in the final for the Golf Championship. His putting was th.—(Photograph by Baker and Dixon.)

WON THE OAKS YESTERDAY.



Major Eustace Loder's Pretty Polly, who yesterday won the Oaks. She was ridden by W. Lane. Her record is a remarkable one, for she has won every race she has run in.



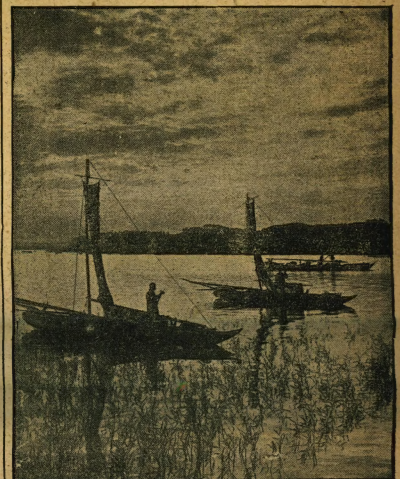
A group of Eton boys, showing the quaint "Fourth of June" costume, which is worn in the procession of boats.—(Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.)

THE HAT TRICK.



W. Lane rode three winners in succession at Epsom, and rode Pretty Polly in her easy victory in the Oaks.

SUNRISE IN JAPAN.



Sunrise on the Inland Sea. Japanese fishing boats returning to Yokohama with their night's catch. — (Stereograph copyright by Underwood and Underwood.)

HANDCUFF KING'S HOLIDAY.



Houdini, the "Handcuff King," who escaped from the "Mirror" handcuffs, has bought a Humber motor-car, and taken it to America with him on his holiday. — (Photograph by Campbell-Grey.)



## OUR NEW SERIAL

## BEGINS TO-DAY.

# "THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER."

"Life is a chequer-board of Nights and Days  
Where Destiny, with Men for Pieces, Plays."

## CHAPTER I.

## While the Grey Sisters Slept.

"It just comes to this, Miss Chevenix. Do you love me well enough to be my wife?" John Heron spoke in quiet, determined tones, leaning a little forward in his chair. Then he added, "That you love me a little—I know."

It was very dark in the conservatory, but Beatrice Chevenix heard the stir of the great social world in the drawing-room beyond, and knew she had only to pull aside a curtain to find herself in the midst of the dazzling crowd. She was aware that when the Premier held a reception his daughter should be in evidence, and yet some power beyond her own control forced her to stay where she was, listening to the proposal of the man she had summed up as a "mere nobody."

She remembered her wild vow made only a few hours earlier, and how she had startled her cousin, Feodora Cary, by informing her that she intended to accept the first man who proposed to her that evening. "I am tired of being alone," she had said; "tired to death of the bore of being sparkling and always in evidence. I sigh for domesticity, and, I suppose, babies; there comes a time when every woman gets tired of herself, I think, and matrimony is the only way out." Feodora had looked at her with a scornful smile, and then with some hesitation she had mentioned the name of John Heron.

"John Heron," the girl had replied, "he—he is a mere nobody! The man I marry must be a very great person indeed; mine must be the match of the season; John Heron is—well—a nobody."

She had laughed and gone, but she could not allow Lord Holford to propose, and to accept him. Yet when the poor gentleman had tried to come to the point that evening she had smiled and coquetted with him in her own inimitable way, the way of Beatrice Chevenix, and she had evaded dangerous ground. Yet it was possible, quite possible, that she might have been his affianced wife by now if John Heron had not come upon the scene and led her away to the cool shadow-filled conservatory; John Heron, the nobody; the man who, all the same, had filled her mind since she first met him, the man she dared her worldly self to love.

He did not look a suitor. The girl had to admit as much to herself. He certainly could not rather strongly with the old Duke, built up by his tailor and his valet; or small, lean Lord Holford, or Sidney Goring, who had ears like a rabbit; and a weak chin. Yes, the points were all in John Heron's favour.

He looked what he was, a strong, determined man. He was tall, brown-haired and brown-eyed, his features clear cut and regular, the mouth singularly firm. A man to be feared and trusted. He was beginning to be known to the political world, for he had made a fine fight for the Chevenix party a few months ago, and he had come under the Premier's special notice. Personally, no one knew much about him, save the bare fact that he was thirty-three, had made his money in New Zealand, and had purchased a place on Dartmoor called Denzil's Folly.

"You have not answered my question?" The man had a clear, well-bred voice, and it rang with force; it was the voice of one who knew his own mind.

"I am thinking," Beatrice Chevenix spoke in cool tones, and began to fan herself slowly. But she was aware that her hands were trembling. Her usually pale face had flushed with colour, and she felt as if Fate was revolving the wheel of destiny far too rapidly.

Hitherto Miss Chevenix had managed the wheel herself, and with great skill. At twenty-three she was admittedly the most brilliant girl in England, as famous in her way as her father, the Premier. The Honourable Robert Chevenix had been in power two years, and Beatrice had been a shining light for three. There were two things father and daughter shared in common, notoriety and success. Beatrice was beautiful in a dark, exotic fashion, slight and tall; her beauty was the last thing people thought about. She possessed a curious fascination for women as well as for men. Elusive and alluring, capricious and tender, ambitious yet pleasure-loving, she was Beatrice Chevenix, a law unto herself, a mystery to her world.

Now she felt cut off from this world, and alone with John Heron in a place of dark shadows. She had entertained no intention of letting the man touch on forbidden ground; she had not intended to sure he would not presume to make love to her. He would realise the social gulf between them; yet the impossible had happened, and now some madness in her blood constrained Beatrice Chevenix to pluck at her father fan like a bread and butter girl of eighteen, instead of dismissing the offender with a frown.

"Let's take the thing through," John Heron went on, after a long pause, "and find out how we stand. We have known each other now for about six months."

The girl bowed her head; where had her audacity gone to, her nerve, her coquetry? "Yes, about six months," he went on slowly. "Six wonderful months for me," he hesitated a second, then bent forward; she felt his eyes upon her in the darkness, and they seemed to pierce her soul. "Here's the position: a man and a woman, Miss Chevenix and John Heron. Miss Chevenix, only daughter of the Premier of England, admitted on all sides to be the cleverest girl in Europe. What's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing," she cried hurriedly. "Had she sobbed or laughed? She didn't know, she only felt that this man was very different to other men. 'I thought you laughed,' he said quietly; 'well, to continue, Miss Chevenix is a sort of queen and John Heron a very ordinary person. Do you know,' he had taken her fan in his hands and was bending it slowly backwards and forwards, 'I don't even know who my father was, or what was his real name. I am destitute of kith and kin, fairly well clothed, but no money, passably clever—still, Brutus is ambitious.'"

He stopped speaking, and put her fan in her lap, then crossed his arms and waited.

Beatrice felt in a dream; somewhere, but quite far away, even in another country, as it seemed, she heard the roar of voices, the swish and swirl of skirts, then the hand of a fiddler began to play a gipsy dance. She listened, and as she listened she knew it was almost dangerous to play such music. It made a woman think of blue midnight skies, perfumed pine woods, and the kiss of love; for it was wild, intoxicating music, and a languor stole over her. She listened, a languor she had never felt before.

John Heron moved from his chair and leaned over her; his shadow loomed large and black; he opened his arms silently, saying nothing.

But the violins spoke for him; they sang a sad, passionate song, full of all the hopes and fears in life, tremulous with sighs—sighs that became breathes of fire, and the melody rang through all the stress and storm like a golden thread through a forest of darkness. What could a woman do but yield to such music? All the lovers in the world seemed to cry to her to join their band, and above soft whispers rose the deep note of warm mother Nature herself.

Beatrice Chevenix rose to her feet, and because she had to, she moved towards John Heron. A second later he had clasped her close to his heart and bent his lips to hers.

His kiss came like a flash of lightning; for a second everything in life seemed to be revealed; she understood the full meaning of all that had before seemed vague. She looked up at him as if he were a god, from the heights above.

After that one second the tears came, and fears also—fears that Beatrice Chevenix had missed her destiny, had been false to her theories and her class.

"Let me go," she muttered, trying to move away, but her lover held her fast.

"What I have won, I keep," said John Heron. "Listen, Beatrice; socially and in every way you are as far above me as the moon, but a man can climb, and I'm a climber. I wanted you, dear, and when a man wants anything as badly as I wanted you he gets it, and the rest will come—fame, fortune, power; it will all be easy now." He drew a long, deep breath, the breath of the victor.

"So you were loyal, after all, to your hair-brained jest," remarked Feodora Cary, when she met her cousin in the Row next morning; "you did accept the first man who proposed last night. You are mad, Tris, mad." The pretty, golden-haired little doll glanced up at the woman she loved.

Beatrice patted her chestnut mare, then a peculiar smile crossed her pale face. "The grey sisters fell asleep last night," she said slowly, "and while the fates sleep men's lives get oddly tangled."

## CHAPTER II.

## At Denzil's Folly.

John Heron was entertaining a party of guests at Denzil's Folly. The engagement between himself and Beatrice was now three months old, for Miss Chevenix had defied the opposition of her aunts and cousins, and had taken small heed of the half humorous congratulations of her father and the blank astonishment of society.

She refused to discuss any possible date for the marriage, but in all other respects her fiancé had little to complain of. She wrote him long letters when the break-up of the London season had taken her away on a round of visits with her father, visits mostly political, and now she had consented to stay for a week or so at Dartmoor.

Her aunts came with her, the two prim spinsters, Miss Grizel and Miss Jean, who had resided with her father since his death, and left her father motherless. Feodora Cary and her easy-going

husband were of the party, and the Premier had arranged to join his daughter for a few days towards the end of the visit. "Unless I am advised not," he had added with a slightly cynical smile and a keen flash of his eyes on Beatrice.

"So you think me changeable," she had retorted, looking him straight in the face, whilst the colour came into her small, delicate cheeks.

"I know you to be wise," had been his calm answer, and the girl had turned away, suppressing a sigh. Worldly wisdom advised her to break off her engagement, and was not her wisdom wholly learnt from the world's lesson-book? Had she not graduated in the school that defines sentiment as folly and love as affection?

Some such thoughts passed through her brain as she sat at the piano singing snatches of old ballads. Her two aunts were seated in state on the sofa, and Lady Cary knelt in front of the wood fire that the chill of October made necessary. It was after dinner, and the men were still discussing their wine.

So fair are you, my bonny lass,  
So deep in love am I.

Beatrice sang well. She had been carefully trained, and she possessed some deep, rich notes. Now her voice rang softly through the room, and her three listeners fell under the spell of the old love-song till the last notes had died away.

It was a Jew always inclined to be sentimental, blew her nose gently and wiped her lack-lustre eyes. Miss Grizel straightened her back and looked ahead, and Lady Cary sprang abruptly to her feet. She was a pretty, dainty little creature, with big china-blue eyes and coaxing, babyish ways.

"It's all very well to sing sentimental songs," Tris, she cried, half impatient, "but I don't want her round her cousin and peering up into her face, 'but we know this farce is not going on for ever. Why don't you tell Mr. Heron the truth, that you only got engaged for a sort of freak, and have no intention of marrying him?' It's quite easy to break an engagement. Look how I threw over poor, penniless Reggie Hastings in order to marry Tony," and Feodora Cary smiled as if her action had been meritorious.

"Why shouldn't I marry the man?" replied Beatrice laughingly, drawing her slim young form up.

"If I love him," laughed Lady Cary; "why, the idea is absurd, as absurd as your engagement; isn't it, Aunt Grizel?"

"Beatrice of course must know her own mind," replied the stiff spinster, smoothing out a fold of her grey silk dress. "But I must confess I never thought my brother's only child would make a thing almost approaching a misalliance. Why, the man cannot even tell us who his father was, and yet he is to intermarry with the Chevenix family, the proudest in England. It seems extraordinary."

"Of course it's extraordinary," retorted Beatrice sharply, "but just as we are, and I don't wonder you are all surprised! What can John Heron, a real man and one of God's gentlemen, after all, see in me? I'm a mere bundle of affectations and prejudices, a girl eternally trying to be clever, something that was nipped at birth and will never grow into a true woman. Don't be afraid that I shall ever marry him; he will probably cry off the bargain before he has married me. The girl broke off speech abruptly and walked over to the French window that opened on to the terrace. She halted irresolutely for a second, then unbolted the window and went out, her neck and head bare to the evening breeze.

She gazed up at the sky, powdered as it was with a million stars.

"The light is different by starlight," she muttered, half out loud; "utterly different to what they are by daylight. Love, men, money, all the cards in the player's pack, and I feel different myself." Just then she started, and a tremor shook her whole body, for she heard the sound of heavy footsteps, and a second later John Heron had joined her.

He put his arm round her waist as one who had the right, and she leaned against him with a weary, yet satisfied sigh. When she was with this man Beatrice always ceased to be conscious of her personality; she was no longer the brilliant Miss Chevenix, only a mere woman about to marry.

"What have you done with Sir Anthony and Colonel Grimwood," she asked, after a moment, her voice disturbing the silence of the night. She referred to Lady Cary's husband and a neighbour, whom John Heron had invited over for a few days, an old Anglo-Indian, racy of wit and brilliant of anecdote.

"They? Oh, they're all right," replied the man softly, he didn't want to talk much, he preferred the silent language of love. "I left them in the drawing-room. Think about me now, Beatrice, just as if we were alone in the whole wide world. The two of us together."

"Swinging between the past that has been," she replied softly, "and the days that will be. I wonder if I can really make you happy? You do not know how hard and worldly I really am."

"You don't show much worldliness," sweet, in marrying me," he answered quietly; "a self-made man, a man ignorant of his real name."

"We are not married yet," she said, in low tones, "and perhaps we never shall be."

Beatrice looked at him, and the mere feel of his coat across her face gave her a sensa-

tion of pleasure, "don't speak like that; you are mine, and you know it." He bent down and took her face between his hands, and then kissed her upturned lips. "Don't you feel that you are mine," he whispered passionately, "the woman given to me by God?—there is nothing on earth strong enough to divide us."

"Hush, hush!" she interrupted quickly, "don't tempt Fate so, there's nothing stronger than Fate." "What about Love?" he replied softly; "Fate and death are strong men armed, but they go down before Love, the conqueror. Now come back to the house, it is too cold for you to be out any longer, but Dartmoor air is keen."

"I like the cold," she answered wilfully. "Tell me, John, what made you buy this place and settle at Dartmoor?"

"It was my mother's wish," he said, as they paced backwards and forwards; "when we came back to England she wanted to make her home near Dartmoor, and as Denzil's Folly happened to be in the market, I bought it. She came down to see it, and liked the old rooms so much that she asked me to purchase furniture and all, and leave things as we found them. Naturally I agreed; I'm used to women's whims, you see." He laughed rather huskily. "I wish you could have seen my mother before she died; God's saint, if ever there was one."

"I should have loved her," the girl spoke with feeling. "Did your father die when you were quite a child; have you no remembrance of him? You never mention his name."

"I don't know," Heron knit his brows. "I have a dim sort of recollection of being suddenly roused from sleep and seeing a face bending over me. I must have been a little chap of two or three. Such a handsome face, but drawn, white, terrified, the eyes literally alive with fear. I believe I should know it again if I saw it; it wasn't a face to forget." He spoke very slowly, then shook his shoulders. "We won't talk about my father, Tris; my mother told me he was dead, so let us leave him in his grave. Only it is a queer thing to realise that I—I who have no knowledge of my very nearest and dearest, the one I love, is not my own—am going to marry the Premier's daughter. Ah, Tris, you've chosen me out of the whole world, and I'll be worthy of your choice. Why did you start, dear?"

"I saw a star fall," she answered dreamily, "and then I saw its only sky to see a falling star."

"They both looked up at the sky, and there's a hand behind the stars," said the man quietly, "and I don't believe in luck. Say you're happy, Tris, and we'll go in; the darkness is making you nervous."

"I'm quite happy," she whispered back, but in her heart she asked herself how long her happiness would last. She fell asleep a few hours later still considering.

And John Heron, sitting up in his little study, thought of the good days to come. How he would do good work for England, cheered and helped by his wife, the woman who had stepped down from her high estate to love him.

All at once his thoughts flew back to his dead mother and the father whose name was never mentioned, who might be living or who might be dead. He felt sick at heart for the lost father; he almost fancied he heard the latter calling him.

A voice out of the darkness, the sob of a man gone under, the cry of a weak to the strong. The idea of a father who still alive, often haunted John Heron, and his whole soul went out to the unknown author of his being; to-night the feeling was specially strong. Pure fancy; and yet this fancy was so vivid and compelling that John Heron actually walked to a window and pulled back the blind; but no white face peered against the window-pane—no lost ranker declined shelter.

"She called out 'Philip' as she died," the man mused gravely; "just the one word 'Philip.' Why did you come to Denzil's Folly, mother?" he added, half bitterly. "Having kept your secret all your life, it would have been better to give no hint at the end. Yet you gave no hint, only that one word—'Philip.'"

## CHAPTER III.

## Where Ways Divide.

"So that's how the house got its name," Lady Cary glanced up from the depths of a big armchair, not averse to the admiration in Colonel Grimwood's eyes. They were sitting in the hall. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. Julian Grimwood had never forgotten the delicate art of flirting with a pretty woman, and he was glad of the chance wind that had blown Feodora Cary to Denzil's Folly. He liked tiny women with frilly petticoats and perfumed hair, they reminded him of Simla days. He was a thin, grey man himself—burnt-out ash, as it were—but he had lived hard and loved fervently, and even now he always turned his head at the rustle of a woman's skirts or the sound of a high-heeled shoe. There was a woman who had slipped out of his life, and he wondered if he should ever chance to meet her again.

The Colonel had just been telling Feodora the story of Denzil's Folly. How about thirty years before, certain Philip Denzil had bought the house to please a young wife and wasted no end of



# ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW,

BY

Authors of "The Shulamite," the only novel by new authors this year which has gone into a second edition, and is still the rage at all the West End libraries.

money both on the building and furnishing, and then getting into financial difficulties, had been tempted by an unscrupulous friend to speculate with certain moneys he was a trustee of. "More fool than knave"—such had been Julian Grimwood's verdict, and his eyes had flashed as he related how the wretched man had nearly killed his tempter, thereby incurring the loss of his life. He went on to say how the house had been sold ultimately to an old man who had purchased it as it stood, and how after he died John Heron became the next owner.

"How horrible," Lady Cary exclaimed with a shiver, "to realise that the man who built this house is a convict at Prison Down, caged almost in sight of his old home. What could have induced Mr. Heron to purchase a house with such a tragic history?"

"He bought it to please his mother, a most charming woman. You never met her, I believe?" Feodora shook her head, and the man went on slowly. "She told me once that she had spent her youth, and the last few years of her life, in an old house on Dartmoor, and that she had thrived to come home during the years spent in New Zealand. Well, well, poor lady, she came back to die here. A woman with a story, or I'm no judge of faces. She had big, startled eyes, and a nervous way of looking over her shoulder, as though listening for some one behind her. Her shadow, such a sweet face, and she added her son." He was speaking in short sentences—"I never met a more delightful woman—but hush, I hear Heron coming."

As Colonel Grimwood spoke, John Heron entered the hall; he was in riding dress and he scanned the two anxiously.

"Isn't Beatrice here, the horses are round?" Beatrice ran down the wide staircase holding up her habit and carrying her gloves in her hand. She waved her whip lightly at her lover. "A very nearly altered my mind about coming, John," she exclaimed, "and that's why I'm late."

John Heron made no answer; he merely put his hand on the lady's shoulder, and so they moved forward to the door.

"Beatrice has met her match at last," whispered Lady Cary to her companion; "it strikes me John Heron is masterful; I rather like the way he has; he makes such a splendid lover."

"Shall we ride as far as the Great Tor?" asked Heron, as they took their horses gently into the drive, leaving the wide stable house behind them. "It is a nice ride, Tris, and we can have a good gallop on the moor."

"I should like that," she replied eagerly; "I love a rush through the air, and I'm sure this beauty will go like the wind."

The man and girl rode on silently for a while, thinking their own thoughts. He glided at heart for the day that was his, she wondering how she could tell him that the comedy of courtship must end. Beatrice Chevenix must marry famously when she married at all; she was not of those women who marry for love; she had surely been mistaken to suppose herself capable of such sacrifice.

All that day the sun shone, and her nature pleaded for John Heron and whispered that in throwing him over and making a worldly marriage she would exchange gold for dross; but she persuaded herself that she had no need for pure, fine gold; it was dross that she desired.

The roads were dusty, the woods, the stunted oaks nearly bare of leaf, and the huge boulders of granite scattered around, looked grey and melancholy in the dull light of October, and the wind trailed sighingly over the moor, whilst a white writh-like mist began to rise from the ground.

"We are riding into shadow-land," said Beatrice softly, for the sun had been over the horizon.

"A mist seems rising," answered her lover; "we will ride to where the roads divide by Five Bridges, and then turn back; we mustn't be out in a mist."

"To where the roads divide," she repeated slowly, "yes, let us ride there." She glanced at John Heron and sighed; it was in her mind to give him back his truth when they came to the parting of the ways.

Something in her voice, her manner, caused him to look at her wonderingly, and he tightened his lips as his eyes searched her face. He had risen in his stirrups and glanced round the moor.

"Did you ever see such a world of heather, Tris?" he began, but before he could finish his speech a man suddenly emerged from behind one of the oak trees. He seemed literally to have sprung from the ground. He rubbed his eyes, and if the sound of voices had aroused him from a deep sleep.

An old, frail-looking man, clad in garments that hung and fluttered round his lean limbs—garments much too large for him. His face was full of helpless terror—fear looked out of his eyes, peering startled from all his rags, he had some of the indefinable manner and marks of a gentleman, and his voice was clear and well bred, though he spoke in a half whisper.

"Denzil's folly," he asked, looking up at the riders. "I have done my worst to Denzil's folly, for the love of God."

Beatrice Chevenix and her lover looked at each other in blank surprise. There was something painful in the old man's terrified expression, and as he stood before them, his sunken roving eyes scanning their faces, he reminded Beatrice of a wretched dog she had once rescued. She had met it flying under a shower of stones, chased by a

rabble of boys, and the dog had glanced at her with the same cringing fear, the same pathetic appeal for help.

The old man looked as if he could run, too, could speed across the moor with wild cry if the thing he feared came suddenly up behind him. But what did he fear? Who was going to do him any harm?

"Are you frightened of anyone?" she asked, straight out. "Tell me the truth."

The man shook his head feebly and turned to John Heron.

"My own home," he said simply, "yet I have forgotten the way." He glanced about him vacantly, a look of blank bewilderment coming over him.

John Heron looked hard at the man, and then he turned to the girl.

"Ride home, dear," he said quickly. "He's only a stray tramp. I'll deal with the fellow and find out what he wants at Denzil's folly, and then I'll catch you up."

The old man moved forward; he had caught a word of John Heron's speech, and drew himself up with a curious affectation of dignity.

"A gentleman bred and born," he protested, in the crackling voice of age; "no tramp—on my word, I am not." He moved to Beatrice, and the wind catching his tattered cloak blew it about his shoulders. He drew it round him with a low, frightened whimper.

Beatrice rode away as requested. She was interested in this stray bit of wreckage, this old man of the moor, but there had been a look in John Heron's eyes and a tone in his voice that she had felt bound to obey.

She glanced back as she took her solitary road, and what she saw surprised her. John Heron had dismounted and stood staring searchingly at the moor wall. Had he met the man before? It was perplexing and mysterious also; why had he asked her to ride so slowly?

She rode slowly. There was something oppressive in the desolate and lifeless stretch of moorland; the wings of fear seemed to flap over all. She had only seen the moor before when it had been lit up by sunshine, and then she had rejoiced in the wildness of its barren freedom. Now the pale ashy sky made it a place of gloom, sombre as the stage set for a tragedy. The very hills standing up in the distance looked grey and melancholy.

The man's cruelty to man! She thought of Princetown, casting its grey shadow over the country side, pressing the joy of life out of caged birds—and yet it had to be so. Crime had made such a home of despair inhumanity. She suddenly recollected the terrified face and the eyes that had peered into her own but a moment ago. How dreadful it was that so much anguish should be read in any human face, yet men had called up that look there; it was all man's handiwork! She hoped John Heron would show the poor wretch some kindness; what ever his crimes or follies, he looked too scared and frail to merit further punishment.

She heard the flapping of wings overhead, and looking up, caught sight of a raven. She felt a little frightened, a different bird this to the London sparrow. Everything was wild, weird, and eerie on the moor.

As she put up her mare, determined to wait till her lover joined her, and she hoped devoutly that it would be soon. Yet when he came up she had decided to tell him that their engagement had only been a jest on her part, and must end. How he would scorn her! She could imagine the look he would cast, the lines his mouth would take, the forward tilt of his strong chin. He would release her from her promise, but with what contempt; and then from henceforth and for ever their roads would divide. She would go back to Vanity Fair and become even as the women who dwell there, and he—she would either climb to the heights or fall to the depths—as the mood took him.

Beatrice started. Her quick ear caught the sound of a horse coming at full canter; a second later Heron had joined her. She noticed that his face looked very set and pale, and his mouth was a thin compressed line. She had seen her look like this before, once after a certain big speech; also on the evening when he had asked her to marry him.

"Well?" she inquired, interrogatively, after they had ridden on some little way in silence. "What did the old man want? I am sure you were long enough talking to him—nearly half an hour."

"He wanted money," replied Heron, sharply; "he was either mad or drunk, most likely the latter."

"With tears, perhaps," answered Beatrice. "I don't think he was an ordinary tramp by any means, and what did he mean by calling Denzil's folly a home?"

"He lived near there once," came the short reply. "But let's change the subject, Tris, the story he told me was not a pleasant one, and I want to forget it."

The girl glanced at her companion; it was obvious that he meant what he said, so she set about in haste to turn the current of his thoughts.

"What a place for a gallop over there," she said, pointing with her finger to a long stretch of plain; "it looks nice and green, a contrast to the rough brown heather."

John Heron followed the direction of her eyes. "A gallop to death," he muttered; "that place is called Holdem Mire, and is full of bog-holes. Many and many a poor moor pony is sucked down in its deep depths, and even men have lost their

lives there as well. But only a man bent on suicide would walk there except in the dry days of a hot summer, and now, during the autumn rains, it is literally a death-trap. I pity the poor ponies who perish there almost daily; it's a sickening, heart-rending sight to see one being dragged under; I saw it once, and by Jove! it made me pretty bad; its last wild shriek rang in my ears for days."

"I hate Dartmoor," Beatrice burst out with a shudder; "it is cold and bleak and evil. Look at the mist rising now—ugh! let's get home."

"I thought you loved the moor," answered the man, somewhat reproachfully; "you said you did yesterday; then its wild beauty seemed to please you, and the sweep of the wind exhilarated you—"

"Yesterday was yesterday," she interrupted quickly, "and to-day's to-day."

"Yes, you are right," he remarked gravely. "To-day is indeed to-day. Do you remember, Beatrice," and as he spoke he turned his head to look at her, "telling me last night that there is nothing stronger than fate in the world, not even love?"

"Yes, I remember," she answered softly, "but you denied it, and I was wrong. Ah, Beatrice, you were right. Fate rules the world," he spoke harshly, almost defiantly. "Struggle against the fact as we may, it will come home to us in the end. The ancients were wise, and accepted it easily. But we kick against the pricks, and have to be beaten accordingly and broken in; lashed by the whip, Tris."

His words perplexed her, and she hardly knew what to say, and whilst she hesitated he urged his horse forward. She did the same, and both animals broke into a swinging trot.

"I will speak when we come in sight of the park gates," promised Beatrice to herself; "after all, other women have broken faith before, so why should I feel so wretched? Besides, he'll soon get over it, men always do, strong men like John Heron," so she argued, plotting against her heart.

The riders turned off the moor and entered a long lane. A wealth of crimson and yellow leaves had fluttered down from the bramble hedge and made a glowing tapestry under foot. Ferns and moss edged the high green banks, and bronzed black-golden bracken swayed with the wind. Black and white and black, offered themselves in great clusters of sweetness to the passer by. The air was heavy with the peculiar odour of autumn, filled as it is with the warm steam of the fertilising earth and the noxious perfume of decaying vegetation.

After a while the lane was left behind, and the riders took to the winding road, a road that stretched and curved, ribbon-like, amongst the plains and hills. They followed it for a while, and then turned in by the lodge gates of Denzil's folly.

They were wonderfully handsome gates, copied from some famous classical edifice, and their fantastic carvings and curves had cost "Mad Denzil" a pretty penny. The iron was rusty now, and the lodge in need of repair, but two or three workmen proclaimed by their presence that John Heron intended to prevent further decay, and that the day of desolation and neglect was over. As they rode up a long avenue of poplars. The trees looked weird and spectral in the gathering mist, and the house loomed larger than its wont, owing to the misty atmosphere; the lighted windows peering out, cleared her throat nervously. The moment had come, and she had no mind to be a coward—yet she dreaded speaking, and, whilst she paused and hesitated, John Heron spoke.

"I doubt if I was right in asking you to marry me, Beatrice? Yet man is very selfish when they love, and I was so."

She had her chance, yet, with the singular perversion of a woman, refused to take it; instead she drooped her head and looked at him sideways under her long lashes, asking in a meek, quiet voice:

"What is the matter with you, John?"

"A good deal. Answer me one thing, Beatrice, tell me truthfully, for both our sakes! Is your love strong enough to risk the social pillory? Would you marry me, for instance, if it stigma rested on my name?—if there were a taint in my blood?"

She fenced with the question, and tried to put it from her.

"What absurd questions you do ask! Haven't you always told me that you were ignorant of your real name, and wanted to make your own life and reputation climb to the top of the hill? And I loved you for your ambition."

"I am answered," he replied slowly. "You would love the man who carved out his own fortune, yet would shrink from the social pariah. Am I not right, Beatrice?"

"Right, and wrong," she flashed out, with a touch of wilfulness. "There, that will do, John; don't worry me with questions; we'll have a long talk to-morrow; let me be happy to-night." Her voice broke into a little sob.

He said nothing more, but when they reached Denzil's folly and he helped her to dismount, he kissed her lips under shadow of the darkness.

"No one will love you better," he muttered hoarsely. "Love of my life—to me, dearest woman on earth—!" Then he started back, for her cheeks were wet with tears.

## CHAPTER

### IV.

## The Howl of a Dog.

John Heron generally made a good host, but that night both Sir Anthony Cary and Colonel Grimwood noticed how silent and abstracted he was in manner. Whilst the ladies remained in the dining-room he had certainly made an effort to be cheerful, but directly they took their departure he fell into a fit of gloomy silence.

His two elders cracked their walnuts and drank their port. Julian Grimwood told one or two of his best stories. Fat, good-natured Sir Anthony shook his sides over them, but the young host listened as one whose thoughts wandered, and beyond mechanically passing the wine and offering cigarettes and cigars, he seemed to be in a world of his own.

The wind had risen and was shrieking round the house, swirling in a veil of fine rain against roof and chimney-pots, and dashing in angry roars against the window-pane.

Julian Grimwood filled his glass and looked at the rich purple wine meditatively; then his eyes wandered round the large, comfortably furnished room, cheerful with warmth and light.

"What a night," he said, as another shuddering shook the house, and was followed by a loud howl. "One could imagine a whole legion of the lost ones out this evening, urging their mad career over the distant downs, chased by the sleuth hounds of despair. Poor devils, I always fancy I hear their voices when the wind howls like this; it's like the cry of a soul in pain. 'Do you know,' he turned to John Heron with a smile at his own folly, 'I've been fancying all dinner time that I could hear pattering footsteps running up and down the terrace outside; it must have been leaves falling, you know—only after a while the footsteps seemed to tire. Gad, Heron, how white you look!—and there—can you not hear them now?"

The three men listened intently, and, true enough, there came the sound of a weary shuffle by the window, as of a lagging footstep.

Colonel Grimwood sprang to his feet, and made a movement towards the window, but John Heron was before him.

"Pray don't go out," he said, coldly; "I know what you have heard; and who is outside. I loosed the yard dog from his chain, I must go out and fasten him up again, for poor Carlo likes his freedom. As Heron spoke he opened the French window, closing it after him with peculiar care. His guests looked at each other in surprise. Then, suddenly, they heard a low whimper, and John Heron's voice, and the sound of a slight scuffle, and after that a heavy fall, followed by dead silence.

"Carlo has a peculiar bark," remarked Sir Anthony, looking hard at the Anglo-Indian, ready to take his cue from him. "Suppose he answered the other man slowly; 'Has he?'"

"I heard nothing, I never do in a friend's house," he answered.

"I thought you were going to leave us by ourselves all the evening," said Lady Cary, half an hour later. "What an age you men stopped in the dining-room. How entertaining you must have found each other's company, and it was so complimentary to us." She shot a coquettish upward glance at Colonel Grimwood as she spoke. She was toasting her pretty feet before a bright fire and displaying more of open-work stocking and ankle than old-fashioned Miss Grizel quite approved of. Feodora Cary delighted in shocking Miss Grizel, just as it pleased her to tease demure cats and staid, respectable old dogs.

Julian Grimwood smiled his best smile at her and brought out a pretty speech from the cabinet of his memory. "It had done duty before, but it served well enough for Feodora."

Her husband watched the two with his broad smile, for he always liked to see his pretty wife displaying her airs and graces, and he had "Punch" to fall back upon as well. Miss Grizel and Miss Jean sat up erect in two armchairs. Each sister was busy with a piece of fine crochet, and their black moire gowns were set to do some pattern. There was something almost painful in their self-consciousness and desperate effort to be true to themselves and yet agreeable to the world around them.

Beatrice sat at the piano, she was playing soft, dreamy music and John Heron stood by her side, listening. Every now and then the girl would look up to meet her lover's gaze, and then a little shiver would pass through her frame and the music would become still more soft and tender.

"Play me Tosti's 'Good-bye,'" the man pleaded.

"That's so sad," she protested, but after a moment's pause she began to sing it, pausing a little over some of the lines.

"What are we waiting for, oh, my heart? Kiss me once on the brows, and part."

As her voice lingered over the last word, and she glanced at her lover and then to the door, the door opened hurriedly, and the butler entered, advancing straight to his master.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said quickly—"but there's a warden here from Princetown, and he wants to see you, sir, immediate."

To be continued on Monday.



## EYES THAT NEVER SHUT.

## Night and Day for Half a Century

Reuter Has Supplied the  
World's Press with  
Foreign News.

At the meeting of Reuter's shareholders Admiral Sir John Hay said the news of the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk*, with Admiral Makharoff on board, was read out to the officers and men of a Japanese battleship from a Reuter telegram.

This is only one tribute to the universal reliance on the accuracy of the greatest news agency in the world.

For over half a century since Julius de Reuter started his news agency in Royal Exchange Buildings news has been gathered with tireless industry, and at enormous cost, from every part of the world, and after being checked and verified, transmitted to newspapers in every city in the two hemispheres.

## News Waits for No Man.

Night and day, no matter what the hour, there are editors on duty, for news is a perishable commodity, and waits for no man.

A foreign news-collecting agency must be open at all hours, for when London sleeps events are afoot in the Antipodes and the Far East, and the hive must be always ready for the incoming honey—in this case news. And so it happens that all through the night lights are "on," and footsteps echo up and down, in and out, at Reuter's in the work of chronicling the world's history.

Reuter has, at the present day, agents in all the chief capitals and seaports of the world. For telegraphic purposes Europe is divided roughly into two portions. The Wolff Agency in Berlin collects the news from Germany and the northern parts of Europe, while for France and the southern portion of the Continent Reuter depends on the *Agence Havas de Paris*. In addition the *Agenzia Stefani* of Rome, the *Ritzan Agency* at Copenhagen, and other agencies at St. Petersburg, Vienna, Christiania, and other capitals, transmit to the English agency news of sufficient importance to be telegraphed direct.

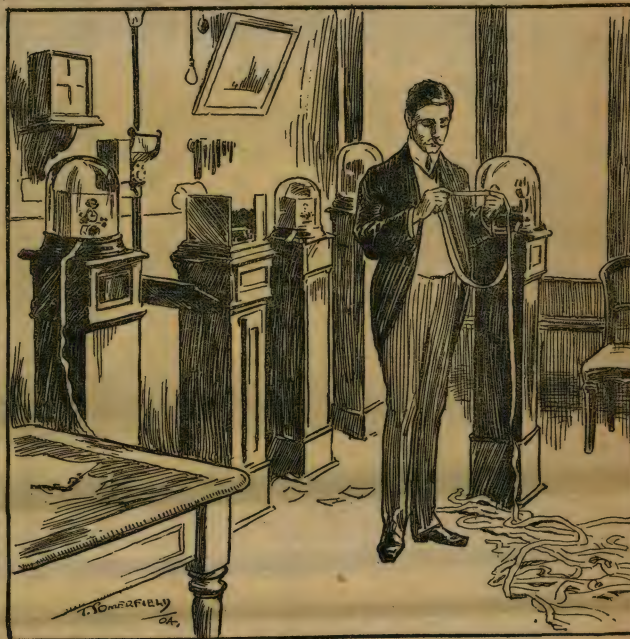
It is in the history of "scops" that Reuter has gained its great name for promptness and

accuracy. From that day in January, 1859, when London was electrified at hearing, "through Reuter's Agency," the news of the virtual rupture of relations between France and Austria, up to the day when the same agency announced the relief of Mafeking, Reuter has been constantly shaking the political world with its news, received very often much ahead of official dispatches.

The news of the relief of Mafeking was received by the agency in advance of official information, and there was no confirmation for several days. Yet London trusted "Reuter"—as the great B.P. like to call it—and "made" accordingly with joy which knew no restraint. The

news of President Carnot's assassination came to London in this way, and Reuter was hours ahead of all competitors. An agent of the *Havas Agency* was close to the President when Cesario struck his fatal blow in the street at Lyons—the news was telephoned to Paris and thence to Reuter on a Sunday night in time for the Monday papers. This telephone work is very trying, as, when the wire is working badly, the speaker has to shout his "copy."

At the time of the Dreyfus trial as many as sixteen communications were taken in succession, which taxed the nerves of the transmitter to the utmost, but Reuter's man was equal to it.



THE TAPE ROOM AT REUTER'S AGENCY.

It is to this room that all the news of the world converges, ready to be at once distributed to the daily papers, who will publish it to the public.

## THIS SUMMER'S WALK.

COPY THE BELLES OF THE 'THIRTIES  
OF LAST CENTURY.

The 1830 walk has other things to recommend it besides the fact that it is fashionable, is easily learned, and accords well with the summer's modes. It is a healthful walk. It is the walk which is taught to soldiers on the march, and is the one that is adopted on long distance expeditions by pedestrians.

The 1830 walk is the long, easy stride that carries one along. The old-fashioned Grecian bend walk did not make much progress. The traveller did not get over the ground. Then there was the baby walk, which was a little sidelong step. Besides this there was the athletic walk, which made the petticoats swish here and there, and which was very awkward in effect, and quite unsuited to femininity.

## Why the Dressmakers Like It.

"The 1830 walk," says a dressmaker, "is the dressmaker's delight. It does not stretch the shoulders of the gown, nor does it widen the belt, for it is not a walk that brings a strain upon either part of the anatomy. Neither is it a walk that interferes with the throat of the gown, for the head is held high. It is, on the contrary, a walk that is dignified and graceful, and all the movement is below the waist, for which fact the dressmakers are glad that it is the fashion."

The girl who learns to walk upon the balls of her feet, after the 1830 manner, will be able to wear the fashionable high-heeled shoes, for though they are never beneficial, yet, to the woman who has learned to walk upon the balls of her feet, they are much less injurious than would otherwise be the case.

## Exercises That Are Advised.

Teachers of deportment are again busy instructing their pupils as to the correct poise which is absolutely necessary to the woman who is going to learn the new walk. She must learn to stand with the chest out, the shoulders thrown back.

To assume this attitude naturally exercises are taught. Walking upstairs is one exercise that is part of the new walk. Hold the body erect, lift

the skirt with one hand, then walk up, lifting the body from step to step.

Do not crawl when walking upstairs. Do not throw the body forward. Do not huddle yourself

up all in a heap, as though you were going to tumble.

When walking downstairs keep the body erect. Use the knees, and go down from step to step. Do the same in going upstairs. Hold the body erect, and let the lungs breathe freely. The woman who arrives at the top of the stairs panting may be sure that she has started wrong, and should correct her mode of procedure, for she is certainly not accustoming herself to the poise that is necessary for the accomplishment of the 1830 walk, and will not in her muslins and laces look the epitome of grace fashion desires that she look this summer.



Two pretty and easily made little evening blouses are illustrated here. The main point of the one above is the detachable bolero, which can be worn with any bodice of this kind, and is made of sequined and embroidered muslin. On the right is a model carried out in acru-coloured spotted net, beneath a handsome lace yoke.

## DINNER IN THE DARK.

Will-o'-the-Wisp Parties the Latest  
Society Craze.

In smart French and Swiss society the latest vogue is to dine in the dark.

Dinner begins, as usual, but suddenly, to the surprise of the guests, the light goes out and all is left in darkness.

Nothing has gone wrong, and before the guests have recovered from their astonishment the dining-room doors open and shadowy forms steal in bearing a blazing mass of light.

It is the next course illuminated. Silently the figures come to your side, and in a few moments on everyone's plate is, say, your fish, and a delicately-shaded light by which to eat it, but otherwise the room remains in complete darkness.

This new mode was first introduced in serving the ice, and with gooseberry ice, which is a very favourite sweet just now, the electric lights, shaded with a delicate green in the shape of a gooseberry, are very effective.

The fashion has caught on in the most amazing way, and some foreign hostesses, who issue their invitations, "Come and dine in the dark," are meeting with no refusal.

Sometimes every other course is served in the dark, and occasionally only the ice.

At one hotel in Lucerne the proprietor serves the ices every night in this way.

The utmost excitement prevails when the lights in the dining-room go out, and all eyes are strained to see in what quaint and novel form the illuminated dish will appear.

Great ingenuity is shown in the various designs which are nightly adopted, and it has become quite the thing now to dine at this hotel.

A REVOLUTION  
IN FURNISHING.

By our mutual system the buyer is protected from the obnoxious unpleasantness of the Hire System. It's the safe path to satisfactory Furnishing. It's pure and simple generous credit.

## AND THIS IS THE WAY.

You call and see us. We show you round our Mammoth Showrooms—enormous variety—you select whatever you want to your heart's content. You are asked no unpleasant questions, and the goods are at once sent home without any Employer's Reference or Security whatever. Call and see us to-day, or write for our "C.P.T.O.-TIME" Furnishing Guide.

## W. JELKS &amp; SONS,

LONDON'S MAMMOTH CREDIT FURNISHERS.  
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275,  
Holloway Road, N.

2a, 2, 4, 6, Eden Grove (adjoining).

## 11 LARGE SHOPS NEXT EACH 11

25 Worth	"WE DO	"\$0 per month
210	"AS WE	11/0
230	"ADVERTISE"	15/0

Telegrams—Jellies, London.

Telephone—250, North.

BORWICK'S  
THE BEST  
BAKING  
POWDER  
IN THE WORLD.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of  
Infants and Young Persons."  
SIB CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

Nestle's  
Food

"Very carefully prepared and highly  
nutritious." LANCET

"Equally suitable to Invalids and Old  
People." MEDICAL MAGAZINE.

THE "COURT ROYAL"  
Enormous demand for these  
beautiful and artistic  
BABY CARRIAGES  
Prices from 35/. Buy direct  
from factory and save the  
shopkeepers' profit. Monthly  
payments from 4/-. Catalogue  
of 150 magnificent designs free.  
J. LLOYD COURTS & CO.,  
Carriage Makers, Coventry.

10/- MONTHLY  
"WOLVES WONDER"  
CYCLE. 16 years' Repu-  
tation. With Ball Free  
Wheel, Clincher Tyres,  
all accessories. Carriage  
paid. Cheap Second-hand  
Cycles. Write for 36p.  
"The" BRITISH CYCLE MFG.  
CO. (1901), Ltd. (F.A. Dept.) 1 & 3, Berry-st., Liverpool.



## SENSATIONS AT LORD'S.

Bowlers Carry All Before Them—  
Yorkshire's Game Fight.

## CLOSE FINISH PROBABLE.

Everyone felt at the close of Thursday's play at Lord's that if yesterday proved a sunny day the game would be marked by some sensational developments, the wicket, as it dried, being certain to become very difficult.

Things turned out exactly as had been expected. The morning was bright, and bowlers had such an advantage that in the course of the day twenty-seven wickets fell for an aggregate of 307 runs.

A more engrossing game no one could wish to see. At the close the result was still in doubt, Middlesex having rather the better chance.

The first innings of Middlesex, in which seven wickets had fallen on Thursday for 183, was finished off in forty minutes, the total reaching 214. MacGregor and Foley, whose batting on Thursday afternoon had saved their side from failure, were separated at 197. Their partnership lasted two hours and a quarter, and produced 121 runs. Fortune was a little kind to them, but all things considered they played exceedingly well.

When Yorkshire went in it was soon evident that they would have a thankless task, the wicket being at its worst. Judging from after events, they might not have escaped a follow-on if MacGregor had let Trot, instead of Rawlin, start the bowling with Hearne. When Trot did go on—at 35 for three wickets—he was almost unplayable, getting just the right length, and breaking back again and again. Though luck was against him, he bowled Rhodes, Haigh, Ernest Smith, and Whitehead, and only 7 runs came out from him. Hearne at the Pavilion end also did capital work, and just before breaking time Yorkshire were all out for 72, the innings having lasted less than an hour and a half.

Leading by 143 runs, Middlesex entered on their second innings with a tremendous advantage, but after what had happened people were prepared for an immediate collapse. Unfortunately, though the wicket ought to have suited him to perfection, Rhodes could not bowl in anything like his old form, and before Warner and Moten were separated 37 runs had been scored.

Haigh and Jackson, however, bowled splendidly, and though the score had risen 70 when the third wicket fell, the innings ended for 95, the last few batsmen being helpless.

Yorkshire were set to make 238 to win, and the odds seemed all against them. They made a determined effort, and, luckily for them, the ball did not do quite so much as in the two previous innings. Still it was very much work to get runs.

Jackson and Denton put on 50 for the second wicket, and Wilkinson afterwards showed stubborn defence. The result was that at the finish Yorkshire, with six wickets in hand, wanted 129 to win.

There was a fine attendance, and the crowd greatly enjoyed the keen cricket.

Present score and analysis:—

MIDDLESEX.		YORKSHIRE.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
P. F. Warner, b. Haigh..... 45	c. Hirst b. Haigh..... 39	Hon. F. S. Jackson, lbw..... 3	c. MacGregor b. Rawlin..... 21
L. J. Moon, c. Hunter b. Hirst..... 0	c. Jackson b. Rhodes..... 17	Tunnicliffe, c. Moon..... 16	b. Hearne..... 4
G. W. Beldam, c. Rhodes..... 6	b. Haigh..... 1	Rawlin..... 22	b. Hearne..... 22
J. H. Hunt, c. Hunter b. Hirst..... 0	b. Haigh..... 11	Wilkinson, b. Hearne..... 8	not out..... 8
Hirst..... 0	b. Haigh..... 4	Rhodes, c. and b. Hearne..... 11	c. and b. Trot..... 11
B. J. Bosanquet, b. Hirst..... 0	b. Haigh..... 4	Rhodes, b. Trot..... 0	not out..... 0
E. A. Beldam, c. Tunnicliffe b. Jackson..... 14	lbw b. Jackson..... 4	Smith..... 0	not out..... 0
Rawlin, c. Hirst..... 61	c. Smith b. Jackson..... 0	Lord Hawke, run out..... 0	not out..... 0
C. F. Foley, c. Tunnicliffe b. Rhodes..... 7	at Hunter b. Haigh..... 3	Whitehead, b. Trot..... 0	not out..... 0
Rawlin, b. Hirst..... 7	not out..... 10	Munter, not out..... 10	Extras..... 11
Hearne (J. T.), not out..... 6	Extras..... 6	Extras..... 11	Extras..... 11
Total..... 214	Total..... 95	Total..... 72	Total (for 4 wks) 109

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Middlesex.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5.2 2 7 4

Hearne..... 13 2 37 1 | Extras..... 3

Total..... 109

Yorkshire.—First Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 32.3 7 58 5 | Jackson..... 9 4 12 1

Rhodes..... 30 11 51 1 | Smith..... 8 3 20 0

Haigh..... 22 3 82 2 | Extras..... 3

Second Innings. O. M. F. W. H. Rhodes..... 4 1 14 0 | Haigh..... 11.1 3 25 6

Rhodes..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 8 3 13 3

Rawlin..... 7 1 10 1 | Trot..... 5







June 30, v. Bromley B.C.



